JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1938

3D EVERY THURSDAY

IT ISN'T OVER YET by the EDITOR

WHO'S WINNING THE WAR? By SWAFFER

LET US BE READY! By A.G.G.

There's nothing like a GUINNESS *after a hard day's work . . .*

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

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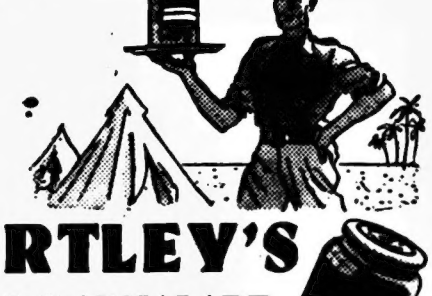
HERE THERE & EVERYWHERE



HARTLEY'S

JAMS & MARMALADE

Made the **'REAL JAM'** *way*

FOR THE PRESENT

"Au Revoir"

We regret that Zoning Restrictions compel us to say 'Au Revoir' to our friends in the North and Midlands—and it is only 'Au Revoir'—and when Victory is ours you will be able to obtain once more those good things to eat made by Batger & Co., Ltd.

'Chinese' Figs & Silmos Lollies

BATGER & CO., LTD.

USE A LITTLE

Gumption

THE HOUSEHOLD *PASTE* CLEANSER

PRICES:
SIZE TWO - 1/-
SIZE FIVE - 2/-
GUMPTION PRODUCTS LTD
BUSH HOUSE
LONDON, W.C.2

Builds 'MAN-POWER' from boyhood

Weetabix isn't just another breakfast cereal—it's an "any-time-of-the-day" food, delicious on its own or with butter, milk, jam, cheese or sort fruits in season. Whether or not you can get Weetabix depends on where you live, for all cereals are now "zoned." If you can get it you are doubly lucky, for Weetabix gives most Food-Value-per-Point! Keep it first on your list!

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

SMALLER SIZE 2½ POINTS 7½d
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 9½d

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

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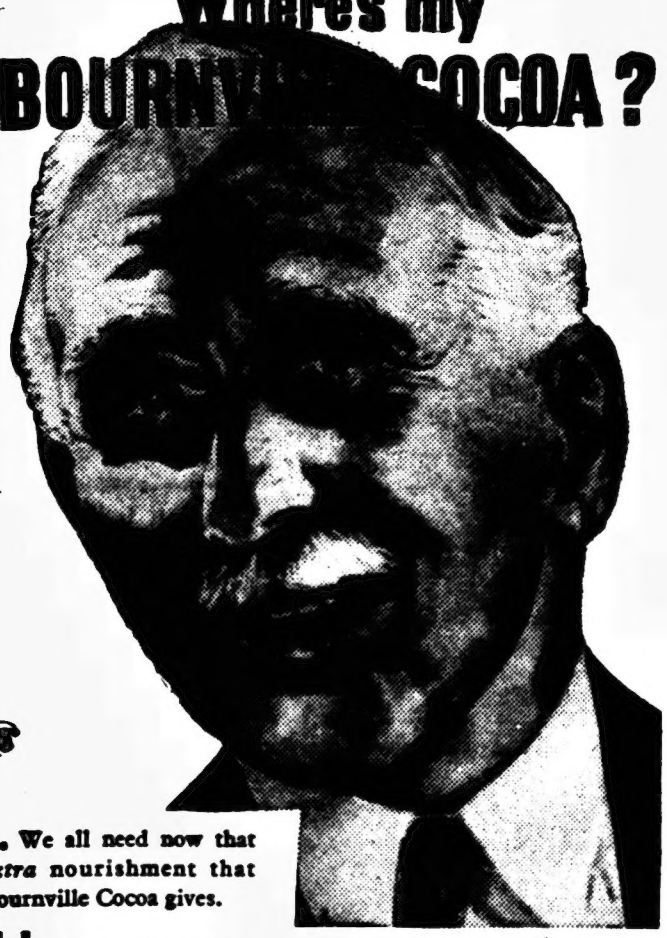
Where's my BOURNVILLE COCOA?



. . We all need now that *extra* nourishment that Bournville Cocoa gives.

5d A QUARTER *(LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE)*

Thanks to

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CHILDREN'S POWDERS
EFFECTIVE and HARMLESS
SINGLY OR IN BOXES 1/3 *and* 3/-
Prevent Convulsions
Check Teething Setbacks
Send 3d. in stamps to:
Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I. of W.,
for copy of "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK"

SAFETY FIRST

The unrivalled germ-killing action of Cuticura brand Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, rashes, festerings and gatherings all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura OINTMENT

FOOD M.F. FACTS

Packed Lunches for a whole week

MONDAY
Sandwiches filled with mixture of cold mashed potato, grated cheese, chutney, and chopped fresh parsley.
Lettuce.
Jam turnover.

TUESDAY
Turnover filled with mixture of chopped cooked beans, melted cheese, and chopped parsley; tomato.
Raw cabbage salad in a screw-top jar.
Cheeselets Pin Wheels.

WEDNESDAY
Potato scones filled with scrambled dried eggs, cooked mixed vegetables and chopped parsley.
Watercress.
Prune dumplings.

THURSDAY
Rissoles made with cooked meat, cooked beans and mashed potato.
Raw spinach and lettuce.
Fruit turnovers.

FRIDAY
Soup.
Sandwiches filled with scrambled dried eggs, mashed potato and chopped fried bacon.
Radishes or tomatoes.
Lettuce.

SATURDAY
Turnover filled with sausage meat, cooked dried peas, herbs, parsley, and chopped leek or onion.
Raw cabbage salad in a screw-top jar.
Oatmeal scones and jam.

RATION BOOKS

There is no general re-registration, but you will be able to change a retailer *after August 8th* by applying to the Food Office between August 8th and August 28th. You cannot change your milk retailer.

You may not be able to get all these things where you live, but they are available now in most places. Recipes for any of the above may be had from the Ministry of Food, Portman Square, London, W.1.

RJ

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD. FOOD FACTS No. 160

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 7, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

IT PAYS!

● The hop season is almost here again. One grower, forced to have the hoppers' huts repaired after many years of dodging, was quite eager to get the work done before this year's picking begins.

He backed up applications for extra labour, materials and petrol needed by the builder who tendered for the job.

In peace time, he explained, the huts were good enough—in his opinion. But now he could spend money on them and get an allowance for it.

So the war was apparently necessary before hoppers could be given a decent shed to sleep in.

But the war (and the Government's allowances for war-essential works) has had wider effects.

We may wonder if the orgy of building nice new offices for executives and staff in many (very many) factories would have taken place but for present-day conditions—and the Excess Profits Tax.

And most of them are probably not so necessary as those hoppers' huts.

Straight from the Shoulder

TOWARDS THE GOAL

LET us keep our eyes on Germany. That is the goal, and rapid strides may soon be taken towards it.

Already the Teuton flank is being uncovered.

Opening the Doors

Enemy troop movements last week suggested that Hitler would try to hold northern Italy whether the Italians liked it or not.

But other back doors into Germany are opening. The Balkan hinges are creaking; moreover, new Allied military enterprises are plainly imminent.

The possibilities are so great that they dare not be discussed in detail.

Eisenhower Acts

Those affecting Italy are obvious enough. Eisenhower's offer to the Italian people has backed up the clear ultimatum delivered by Churchill and Roosevelt.

Eisenhower this time has a clear lead, and there can be no excuse for political bungling.

Summer Cleaning

There will have to be a complete clean-up of Italy. Fascism has been killed by a stroke of the pen; it has yet to be buried.

We must therefore be careful.

Particularly because our attitude during the next few days will have momentous effect not only on Germany but her satellite States—and on Spain also!

What We Want

By all means the Italians should be assured of a "just peace, with a mild and beneficent occupation." But we must have complete control of the country in order to drive on with the war against Germany.

New Bases

Then shall we gain new bases for our bombers. Central Germany and the arms plants of Czechoslovakia will be brought within devastating range.

The Dodecanese will provide a route to Greece. The Ægean will fall to our command, thus baring the coast of Yugoslavia and the rolling plains of Hungary which lead to Germany's south-easterly frontiers.

Final Blow

We must be ready to take advantage of so vast a possibility, to deliver so crushing a blow at Germany itself that her power to continue resistance will be shattered.

This means more than large-scale action in Southern Europe. It entails action from this island base of Britain.

New Call-Up

Hence the decision by Mr. Bevin to divert young women from the Services to aircraft factories.

There is no need to dot the i's and cross the t's of his announcement. It must be obvious to all that a gigantic effort by us all—fighting men and workers alike—may well bring startling results.

Going Badly—for Him

On every side Hitler is confronted with deadly perils. His war in Russia goes so badly that the truth cannot be hidden from his jaded people.

Even his official military spokesman, General Dittmar, is constrained to admit the "towering difficulties arising from Soviet superiority in men and materials."

Friend at Court

Men and materials, you note. Neither German man-power nor German equipment is so good as a year ago. Certainly not so good as the vast new armies which our ally has put into the blood-soaked fields of Orel, Kursk, and Leningrad.

Not quite so gratifying for us, it may seem on first thought, is the return of M. Maisky to Moscow. He will be missed in London. Yet it's as well to have so staunch and shrewd a friend at the Kremlin!

Stoking the Fires

Our Russian friends are showing marked interest in the progress of our bombing offensive. Let them note this:

The coming weeks will see the heaviest ever assault on Western Germany.

All-out Effort

We are aiming not only at stopping the Ruhr's war production. There is the further aim of making it impossible for the enemy to salvage the heavy plant there for removal to "safer" areas—areas that won't remain safe once we get bases in Italy.

Which is another reason why we should keep our attention on Germany itself.

No Rest for Them

The terrible onslaughts against Hamburg should help to perpetuate the calm in the Battle of the Atlantic.

Most of the U-boats, as we know, have been recalled; no doubt to have their armour strengthened against the new Allied "methods of attack." Such work could only be done at the major ports of Germany.

Work for the Navy

In all probability we shall be hearing much more of our own Navy soon.

With the fall of Italy, great naval forces will be released from the Mediterranean.

They will go East. Japan's sun is setting.

Roosevelt Speaks

President Roosevelt has confirmed JOHN BULL'S estimate of the war of attrition that is being waged in the Pacific:

"The whittling down process is working. The Japs have lost more 'planes and more ships than they have been able to replace."

By adding powerful British naval support to the very large American fleets, we should be able to do more than cut off Japan's outposts. We should make a start towards those "still far-off main objectives in our war against Japan."

Why No Name?

But one mystery remains. Why has no Commander-in-Chief been announced for the new East Asia Command?

High officers may regard its severance from the Indian Command with disfavour. General Auchinleck, now C.-in-C., India, is known to have protested vigorously—as he is perfectly entitled to do.

The final choice will probably be made neither from the British nor Indian armies. As we have previously said, a famous air marshal will most likely get the job. His name should be announced without further delay.

Planning the Future

Heavy fighting should soon develop in that region. Despite the hopeful turn of events in Europe, it is wise to realise the immense tasks that have yet to be accomplished before victory can be attained.

None the less, wisdom also demands planning for peace—just in case it should come before we are ready for it.

Speed It Up!

One way has been outlined by twenty-four British trade unions. They call for greater activity of the International Labour Office.

That's a call we should all echo. For the I.L.O. was the most successful branch of the old League of Nations. Representing Governments, employers and workers, it did much to improve industrial conditions throughout the world.

Plenty to Do

The slavery of dictatorship and the stress of war have undone a good deal of its fine work.

It must start again, for when this war ends labour conditions must be among the first problems to be tackled.

What a chance for the British Government to take the initiative!

Third Time

True, our Ministers are not blind to the need for reform. For the third time since 1939 they are seeking to amend the workmen's compensation laws.

But the improvements they suggest are not big enough to satisfy. They merely tinker with the problem that the Beveridge Plan would solve. They could do better—and they may be forced to do so.

Oh, Mr. Brown!

Thus it is with housing. Mr. Ernest Brown first tells us that there has been no delay in building those miserably few houses for farm workers. Next, he says that, if delay there has been, it hasn't been due to the builders.

We all know that. And we are all aware of the bungling by half a dozen official departments which has prevented the builders from getting on with their side of the job.

No Fobbing-Off

What Mr. Brown and his colleagues must understand is simply this:

When Servicemen and women return to civilian clothes, and when the war workers leave their lathes and benches, they will not be tolerant either of excuses for inaction or the jealous wrangling of Whitehall panjandrums.

England Expects

They will expect to find, when the guns no longer spit death, a real start on the job of making life worth living.

A complex task it may be. It includes undiluted Beveridge, decent housing and food, work for all, and a whole host of other reforms.

But its complexity is a reason for shouldering it, not for shelving it.

(Continued overleaf)

"A SILVER LINING TO A VERY DARK CLOUD"—

In these words Mr. T. Briggs, of Sunderland, describes the cheque paid to him by "John Bull" following the loss of his wife in a recent air raid.

"John Bull" offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire-Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc., A FREE AIR RAID POLICY (Underwritten at LLOYD'S) as well as comprehensive Household Benefits.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

FOREMOST in the week's home topics have been the Board of Trade's difficulties over utility goods and especially clothes.

The utility scheme has been useful, no doubt about that; but the time's come now when the Government is forced to decide whether it's better to waste material or man-power.

Stocks on Hand

Because of coupons, everyone is buying better clothes. So makers, wholesalers and retailers have been left with big stocks of cheap garments which no one wants.

These stocks are increasing, as the authorities, up to now, have not dared to say: "Let your third-rate material go waste if need be, but don't waste people's time making stuff that no one's going to buy."

"Do" and a "Don't"

That, in effect, is what the President of the Board of Trade will have to say. In the meantime, we could get rid of our stocks by encouraging exports, particularly to the denuded areas now freed from Nazi management.

The surplus gives Dr. Dalton nothing to smile about

What Mr. Dalton (P. of B. of T.) must not do is to get rid of the surpluses by allowing coupon-free sales of poor stuff at bargain prices. Or as an M.P. called it last week: "Relating coupons to value in order to encourage the purchase of accumulations."

That would be as useful as offering peaches and other silly luxuries (just now) as inflated prizes in war savings drives—a thing that's being done too much.

Broken Silence

There's another aspect of this utility business. Parents are used to saying not very much under difficulties. Young children, not the quietest creatures in the world, have a habit of causing their mothers and fathers to suffer in silence.

But even parents are having to protest now against a lot of the children's utility stuff. The boots and shoes, especially, are not worth the paper they might have been written on.

Sacrifice

To quote another statement in the House of Commons—"under the present coupon allowance for parents with two or more schoolchildren it's now quite impossible to provide adequate footwear."

We've had several letters from mothers showing how true that is. Unhappy letters from young women who've sacrificed their own chance of "something new" to buy their youngsters shoes which have fallen to pieces after an hour or two's wear.

Too Many Clerks

Once again we ask Mr. Bevin, Minister of Labour, to get an immediate investigation into the mis-application of man- and woman-power in the administrative offices of war production factories.

Over-staffing—scores of people doing nothing that really matters, young and healthy men at clerks' desks, experienced business men dragged in from de-reserved jobs and set to do office boys' work—facts like these are constantly coming into JOHN BULL.

At the Desks

Some of the worst offenders in man wastage are aircraft factories—not in the workshops but at the office desks.

There's a particular firm, with a famous name, near London, which should be the first place for an investigation. Here about six hundred men and women are employed in one clerical and administrative building.

Very many of those six hundred are dissatisfied, almost rebellious, because they realise they are not doing useful work for the war.

They're Frozen

If a Ministry of Labour inspector paid a surprise visit to that building and cross-examined the staff he would get sensational evidence.

Yet the men who would talk to him cannot leave to get more useful work. They're frozen, labelled as "essential," and told they can't be released.

Risen Too Soon

What is true of this particular firm is true of scores throughout the country. And from other areas we hear complaints that much of the labour wastage could be avoided if there was a weeding-out of the departmental managers.

Many of them are very young and have got their jobs too quickly. They have no real administrative ability, yet they've been put in charge of hundreds when, before the war, they were proud to be over a department with half a dozen clerks.

Bluster

These men know they're not up to their jobs. They know there are better, more experienced men below them "in the ranks."

The result, too often, is a show of bluster and dictatorial methods which upsets the employees. And so the vicious circle of dissatisfaction spreads. We mustn't sacrifice our willing workers like that.

Through Overwork

An account of another sort of sacrifice came the other day in a letter from an Inverness-shire reader.

By tremendous hard work in what should have been his spare time he managed to get a secondary school education and pass his Higher Certificate. He volunteered for the R.A.F. but was turned down because his overwork had brought on tuberculosis.

Alter the Rules

Now, after two years in a sanatorium, he's applied for a maintenance allowance under the Tuberculosis Scheme. He's been told he doesn't qualify, as he wasn't working at the time he was admitted to the sanatorium.

The Medical Officer of Health for Ross and Cromarty, in a sympathetic letter explaining the position, agrees that the case seems unfair, and hopes that people like our correspondent can be included in the scheme in future.

May we beg that they are? And that the regulations are altered without delay?

No Vacancy

The son of a JOHN BULL reader recently sat for an examination and passed as a paying pupil at a local school. His mother was delighted, sent off the news to her husband, who's with the Eighth Army, and wrote to the headmaster to say she wanted her boy's name to be entered.

Soon after, the lad's elder brother got into trouble. Now the mother has had a note announcing that there's no vacancy at the school for the younger boy.

Daren't Tell

"Surely," asks the mother, "he can't be penalised for the shortcomings of his brother?" It's a damnable thing if it is so.

Her husband has already been terribly upset by the news of his elder boy. She dare not tell him of the disappointment over the younger one. Perhaps the authorities will change their minds if her suspicions are well founded. The school won't lose anything by an act of fair play.

Delayed Action

A Berkshire woman wants to be a midwife. She's seen the Government appeals and, on the advice of the Ministry of Labour, wrote to the Matron of her local hospital to ask about training.

She's got a reply, saying the fee will be £12 10s., *and there'll be a vacancy in October, 1945.*

Off the Rails

An Ipswich correspondent wants to know why the Government has allowed builders in his area to put up hundreds of posts, gates and brick walls in place of requisitioned iron railings. Other correspondents have sent in the same question from north, south, east and west.

We don't know the answer. We can only hope it's nothing worse than official idiocy.

Last Gasp

Business appears to be bad for Ra Kastraka, the man who sends out Destiny Readings from an accommodation address in the Strand, London.

His fee has come gradually down till he's now asking only 2s. for a reading to tide you over the next 18 months. But the best news of all is his statement that "owing to paper shortage this will be the very last appeal I will be able to make."

On the Rocks?

Time and again we've reported that the 12,000 Gibraltarians compulsorily evacuated to this country are living in enforced squalor. Time and again we've told the Minister of Health and his spokesman, Miss Florence Horsbrugh, the Parliamentary Secretary, about the cases of overcrowding.

We've told her often enough!

We've passed on the complaints of harsh treatment at the 34 centres where these citizens of the British Empire are forced to live till the war's over.

Seven to a Room

Now the *Times* has taken up the matter. In a detailed article a special correspondent gives examples of the sort of thing we've been talking about for so long.

He says, for instance, that in one small room set apart for our fellow citizens a mother, five children and an elderly male relative have been having to live.

Hint for Hitler

As long ago as March, 1941, a published prize *Bullet* prophesied that when Mussolini was no longer Dictator there would be no bust chiselled—only a "chiseller" bust!

Hitler could do worse than see what "Bulleteers" have prophesied about him.

A reader writes from a Torquay hotel to put the case for food shipments to the occupied countries.

He (or she) criticises Mr. Dingle Foot, of the Ministry of Economic Warfare, who's explained so often that the partial lifting of our blockade means lifting responsibility from the Nazis.

We're still on Mr. Foot's side and—no doubt quite wrongly—we're prejudiced against armchair strategy that comes from hotels in Torquay.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Ciano remains in Vatican City where he's safe. Although the Fascist Government, whose envoy he was to the Holy See, has gone, he need not leave sanctuary. Which is good for him—because a secret organisation of his own countrymen are vowed to get him.**
- *The Germans know that ex-Mayor LaGuardia of New York City will be Allied administrator in Rome. Schmidt, their foreign affairs spokesman, let it out the other day when neutral correspondents were badgering him over the fall of Mussolini.*
- Collapse of Fascism was followed by mass resignations of officials in Axis satellite countries like Slovakia, Croatia and Rumania. Some "government offices" in these countries have changed their complete staff.
- **From Germany itself there are signs that the old democratic political Parties may be wakening up. And Hitler knows he hasn't the men to suppress movements that have never really died among the non-fanatical middle-aged.**
- *Reports suggest that days of supremacy are over for Gestapo Chief Himmler. Hitler is said to be considering a milder police régime so as not to provoke the people in the hour of Germany's crisis.*
- Admiral Horthy's choice of Gicsy, professional diplomat, as Hungarian Foreign Secretary shows he wants to get rid of the charge of absolutism levelled against his régime. He knows who's winning.
- **Meanwhile, right through the Baltic country a Line, called after Field-Marshal Leeb, is growing up. Along the Austrian mountain ranges fortifications are being built and even the old Siegfried Line is coming to life again.**

IT ISN'T OVER YET

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By the Editor

RACEGOERS are familiar with the phrase: "It's all over bar the shouting!" And the more experienced among them are careful not to count their winnings until their horse is safely past the post.

This war is not won yet. On the contrary, the hardest fighting is still to come.

Recent news should be taken as a tonic, not as a shot of strong liquor. But some people, not realising this, have become slightly intoxicated with good tidings.

Mr. Churchill, making his first statement in Parliament after "the keystone of the Fascist arch had crumbled," uttered a timely and necessary warning against premature rejoicings.

He reminded the country that Italy represents no more than a tenth of Germany's war power; that Hitler still has over 300 *German* divisions and the resources of a dozen lands at his disposal.

And, therefore, "we cannot afford to prolong by any avoidable mismanagement the sombre journey in which we shall persevere to the end."

This is stark common-sense, applying to all of us as individuals no less than it applies to our leaders.

We, too, must persevere to the end. Indeed, the favourable turn of events calls for the *increasing* pressure of our war effort in every direction.

JOHN BULL observes with concern that a considerable minority of the population is talking, and sometimes behaving, as though victory were already "in the bag."

It is easy to sneer at American labour troubles and to blame our Allies for the recent sharp fall in production in the States, but we are open to criticism ourselves in many ways.

CERTAINLY, we have avoided major industrial disputes and we have passed the stage of teething troubles in war industry. Nobody can pretend, however, that the national output has been stepped up to maximum or that all of us are going all out in our war effort.

In particular, there is urgent need during this last half of 1943 to rush forward the production of offensive weapons, for the short-term policy of the United Nations is to hammer our enemy *now* with all we've got.

The schedule laid down by the United States at the beginning of the year called for a 50 per cent. increase in the production of war materials during its latter half.

In the opinion of the Chief of the Army Service Forces and the Vice-Chairman of the War Production Board this is *still* an attainable target, provided ways are found for a much more effective employment of the nation's *civilian* man- and woman-power.

There is the core of our production problem, too. An immense civilian effort, not only in actual war industries, but also in every other field of work, is essential to early victory.

Our fighting men behind the guns are putting up a superb performance. But they depend upon us "to pass the ammunition."

It is only through us that, in the Premier's words, they can bring "the maximum avalanche of fire and steel upon all targets of military significance" in enemy territory.

But is the public facing the realities and urgencies of the present situation quite as it should do?

Consider, for example, the large-scale disregard of the Government's plea not to travel unless "your journey is really necessary."

The week-end papers have been full of holiday crowd stories. The London termini have been thronged with would-be travellers. Every large railway centre throughout the country has witnessed over the Bank Holiday period a scandalous crush of pleasure-seekers.

Now, JOHN BULL does not blame any war worker for taking a well-earned break in his or her hard routine.

We know that the circumstances of war have separated countless families. We sympathise with the natural and justified desire for family reunions when opportunity permits.

But don't tell us that all, or nearly all, the holiday-makers of this summer have any such legitimate excuse for travel.

The strain on national transport is growing heavier—not lighter—with every passing week, and that the need for travel economy increases with the brightening prospect of military success.

It is so terribly easy to weary of well doing. Broadly speaking, the people of these islands have made a generous response to the Government's appeal for fuel economy.

But with every fresh occupation of enemy territory we shall need to produce—or save—more fuel, not less.

Our duty as private citizens is to cut our own fuel consumption to the last limit and *keep it cut* until the war is finally and absolutely won.

Next to war production, economy in shipping and shipping space are the most urgent of our national requirements. It always has been, but now that we seem to be getting the better of the German U-boats, there are some who feel that we can afford to "open out a little."

Nothing could be more dangerous than such a point of view. The farther we carry the war into enemy country, the vaster will become our shipping requirements.

We should be prepared, if necessary, to cut down our requirements still further and to accept a more frugal standard of living. For who could grudge a little extra sacrifice to-day could it bring the prospect of a final and victorious peace by that much nearer?

This means to say that it is our bounden duty to conserve stocks of all kinds. It means that we should not only maintain, but enliven, the national salvage campaign.

Any form of waste plays straight into the enemy's hands; every effort at economy does something to "pass the ammunition" to our lads at the front.

Nevertheless—and we may as well face it—public spending is increasing.

The luxury trades report a steadily rising demand for all unrationed goods.

This is bad enough in itself. It is disgraceful, for instance, that wines and spirits, which are legally controlled only by quota supplies and quota prices, are selling freely in the near-black market at profiteering figures.

BUT worse than this disastrous itch to spend within the letter of the law is the all too prevalent tendency to "wangle" something more than one's fair share out of the common pool of sheer necessities.

There can be no Black Market sellers without Black Market buyers. And we have abundant evidence to prove that there is a steady—and wicked—public demand for any goods obtainable at almost any price provided they can be bought without coupons to the benefit of the greedy individual at the expense of the community.

There is solid reason for optimism. Our chances of early victory are brighter than they have ever been before.

But, just as the grandest fighters in the history of British boxing have always "pulled out something extra" to finish off an opponent beginning to be groggy, so do we as a nation need to pull out that "something extra" now.

We have made a great and unprecedented effort, and we can be proud of it. But the knock-out punch has yet to be delivered, and every single one of us ought to put his or her utmost weight into this final and decisive blow.

Spitfires Are Now Life-Savers

THE Spitfire came round in a tight, screaming half-circle, and swooped downwards towards its target on the sea, releasing its missile 50 ft. from the mark.

The shadow of the 'plane's passing had barely swept beyond the object tossing among the waves before the missile straddled it.

But there was no explosion!

★ ★ ★

The target was an R.A.F. pilot "in the drink," and the missile consisted of a dinghy and food canister joined together by 75 yards of orange-coloured rope which the Spitfire pilot had placed neatly across the path of the ditched man.

Seizing the rope, the man hauled himself into the dinghy, pulling the food canister in after him at the other end of the rope.

The Spitfire was one of a squadron which is showing how this world-famous fighting 'plane can be as efficient in saving life as it is in tearing the *Luftwaffe* out of the sky.

And, aptly enough, it is led by a man who, as a sergeant pilot, shot down five enemy 'planes in one day in the Battle of Britain—Squadron-Leader R. F. Hamlyn, A.F.C., D.F.M. Attached to the Air Sea Rescue Service, this squadron has already rescued upwards of 200 pilots and members of air crews shot down into the sea.

Its remarkable efficiency was demonstrated after a recent heavy raid by Flying Fortresses on the U-boat pens at St. Nazaire, when the squadron rescued thirty-three airmen within twenty-four hours!

As soon as the approximate position of a ditched pilot or air crew has been ascertained, the Spitfires—which are armed with two cannon and four machine-guns, and are thus well able to deal with any enemy 'planes attempting to interfere—range out over the area for a close search.

★ ★ ★

As soon as a Spitfire pilot spots the air crew in the water he calculates their exact position and passes the information to his base depot by radio-telephone.

Then he drops smoke floats, which give him wind direction and "fix" his target, and, swooping down low, releases his life-saving "bomb."

As it leaves the Spitfire a tape attached to the 'plane jerks open a lever which releases carbon dioxide into the dinghy, the little rubber boat coming to rest already inflated on the sea.

These dinghies will hold three men, and the food canister attached to the other end of the rope contains, in addition to emergency rations, a signalling pistol and cartridges, a first-aid outfit, weather cover, and repair patches for the dinghy.

★ ★ ★

Meanwhile, the base depot has despatched a Walrus amphibious 'plane to the spot.

If there are fewer than four men to be rescued, the Walrus picks them up, takes off again, and flies them home.

If there are more than four, the Walrus takes the most urgent cases, leaving the others for one of the Air Sea Rescue Service high-speed launches.

And another batch of men has been saved to fly again in the war for freedom in the air.

In saving them, the Spitfire is proving itself as gallant when on mercy bent as in its more limelit rôle of destroying the enemy.

PATRICK SPENCER.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. LORD PORTAL, Minister of Works and Planning

MY LORD,—I may safely assume that after the last war, in which you served with distinction and gallantry, the housing problem did not impinge on you personally. But may I remind you of those scrambles for rooms by hundreds of thousands of men who, like you, came back from the war?

May I stress the chaos that existed in Britain, the utter lack of planning, the cheap, shoddy houses that eventually were put up, the exorbitant rents, the whole appalling muddle which prevailed?

May I recall the converted Army huts that couples had, for lack of a more applicable word, to call homes? May I dwell on the unhappiness and social misery that came of those conditions?

And may I express the fear that unless your Ministry gets to work with vision, with energy and with ruthless planning, those conditions are going to exist again after this war, *only they will be ten times worse*?

Building costs are getting out of hand. Your experts seem to have no idea how the 4,000,000 houses so urgently needed in Britain are to be obtained.

Revolutionary methods are necessary. Use them. Look ahead and plan boldly. The programme for building a better Britain is in jeopardy.

I regard housing as the country's home problem No. 1. Solve that problem and your name will be blessed by millions who are looking forward to the peace and happiness they have earned so well. —JOHN BULL.

He offers a Key of Knowledge to every child. But there's still an economic problem to solve!

Sir CYRIL NORWOOD, C Chairman, the Secondary School Examination Council

DEAR SIR CYRIL,—Our educational system, like the times, is sadly out of joint. Despite central schools and the more enlightened of our secondary schools, boys and girls today get in the elementary schools pretty much the same ineffective grounding as was given twenty years ago.

The defects in the system are so obvious that I am surprised we have put up with them so long. The report just published of the investigations by your committee will, if adopted and put into practical effect, give every child a chance to get more than a mere smattering of half-baked, ignorant "knowledge."

You propose that every boy and girl should go to a secondary school.

That is revolutionary. But you go further than that.

You suggest that specially trained masters and mistresses should, as skilled observers, recommend the type of secondary school to which the children are sent.

You know as well as I do that your committee has touched merely the fringe of a problem which has been growing more acute with the passing of the years.

The main problem is an economic one. How many workers in this country can afford to keep children in their 'teens at school except at the cost of personal sacrifice?

Solve that problem and the rest is more or less easy.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. S. HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Why all the mystery about Agricultural Policy? The Cabinet sent your colleague, Mr. R. Law, as its chief delegate to the Conference on Food and Agriculture at Hot Springs.

The conclusions of this conference of over forty nations have been accepted by Mr. Eden in the House of Commons, and are available to all in a White Paper published by H.M. Stationery Office at 9d.

Yet, as you say, this document is less familiar to the public than the Beveridge Report.

Even M.P.s seem to be unaware of its contents. Mr. Dai Grenfell's remarks certainly betrayed a lamentable ignorance.

You can remedy this by getting your colleague, the Minister of Information, to use his mammoth organisation to enlighten the public.

Your agricultural policy, if recast on the lines of the Hot Springs findings, should pass through the Cabinet without delay.

In my view primary attention must be paid to nutrition. Then the consumer's rights must be protected as much as those of the producer, and immediate plans must be made for efficient distribution.

So why waste time dickering with the N.F.U.? Get on with it!—JOHN BULL.

Sgt. CAMERON McKENZIE COUDY, D.F.M. Galt, Ontario, Canada

DEAR SERGEANT,—I could fill this page many times over every week in praise of individual deeds of courage. And I usually refrain from such praise because selection is so difficult.

But the fortitude you showed during a recent raid on Cologne, when your hip was fractured and pieces of bone pierced your stomach, was so magnificent that it aroused my admiration.

Not until a wounded comrade had received attention did you mention your injuries to the captain of the bomber. On the way home, despite the agonies you must have suffered, you manned the rear gun and kept watch for enemy fighters.

Waves of pain conquered. You arrived in England under the merciful relief of morphia.

They've given you a Distinguished Flying Medal. That, I'll wager, doesn't mean much to you. But the stoic courage you displayed in that bomber will serve as an inspiration to Allied fliers the world over. Swell job, Sarge! —JOHN BULL.

P.S.—Canadian papers, please copy.

Mrs. PHYLLIS FRY, Victoria Road, Aldershot

DEAR MADAM,—I rarely read of a woman and a mother being sent to jail without a feeling of regret. For, despite the tough, indomitable spirit of our women at war, I still, at heart, regard you as the weaker sex.

But I heartily applaud the Aldershot Bench for sentencing you to a month's imprisonment. Not only did you retain 128 milk bottles for an unreasonable time, but you wasted many pints of valuable milk.

This is sabotage of the worst order. By your action you jeopardise supplies of milk to your neighbours and their children.

A few thousand women, acting as you have done, might wreck the whole milk distribution scheme, and render intolerable an already difficult task. Housewives must help, not hinder.

Remember that when you reflect on the errors of your ways.—JOHN BULL.

The Way of All Proud Flesh

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

MUSSOLINI'S rôle as a strutting dictator is ended. The curtain has rung down on the drama. The epilogue has yet to be written.

I would have liked to have seen Mussolini in the days when the democratic Powers were toadying to him; and his insufferable conceit convinced him that he was the Strong Man of Europe.

* * *

I would have liked to have compared him with Hitler, whom I once glimpsed in Munich in the days when Nazi arrogance was already threatening the peace of Europe.

Hitler did not impress me. Perhaps I was prejudiced. The scarcely veiled hostility of the Nazis to all things British —nay, *English*—confused and angered me.

Whom could I blame but Hitler? Even then he was planning for the world the most horrible blood bath in history. That the sun shone on him that day in Munich served only to increase and intensify the darkness in his soul.

But this man Mussolini, this once-proud bombastic tyrant who boasted of his 8,000,000 bayonets and threatened to darken the sky with his aerial armadas —how can we assess him?

Historians, passionless and in true perspective, may ponder the strange case of the former *Duce*. Seeking a motive for his many crimes, for his destruction of a nation's happiness, they may seize on his defensive cry that whatever he had done must be attributed to his "idolatrous love of Italy."

Oscar Wilde once wrote that all men kill the things they love. Perhaps, then, Mussolini, in his blindness, killed—or tried to kill—the land he loved, or pretended to love.

Yet no man can say with truth that love of anything leads to ruin and destruction. Coupled with Mussolini's love of Italy were greater loves—a love of himself and a love of POWER.

He gained power easily. A greater man than the ex-dictator would have been content, once his sway over a nation of 40,000,000 people was absolute.

* * *

That Mussolini was not content merely proves that a tyrant can never be content. Always he pursues the bubble of more and more power. Conceit clouds the vision; flattery kills reason; ears soothed by the frantic plaudits of passion-swayed mobs are deaf to the distant mutterings of coming storms.

So it was with Mussolini. The shifting sands on which he built the gaudy, meretricious edifice of Fascism have engulfed him.

His régime, cemented by tyranny, kept together by persecution and bolstered by bloodshed, began to crumble when the first real test came. So did the man who created it.

Mussolini has gone the way of all proud flesh. To-day he is a sorry, despicable figure, a deflated windbag, a poor, pitiable shadow of the man Europe once feared.

* * *

Once again the truth has prevailed. The world will not wear tyrants. Wherever and whenever despotism tries to stifle the national freedom of men, there, too, slowly at first, and then with gathering momentum, begins the movement which will destroy that despotism.

Sicily proved to Mussolini what history has taught so often—that no tyranny can fetter the minds of men. No bondage can suppress thought.

The world, thank God, still has men cast in the mould of Thomas Jefferson, whose conceptions of the liberties and rights of mankind are among the grandest in life.

That great American wrote: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

That sentence, symbolising the Democracies' determination to win, will topple more dictators from their uneasy pedestals before the war ends. They, too, will go the way of all proud flesh.

SONS OF THE SEA. No. 4 By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

Arctic Route of Ice and Bombs

★ *British seamen willingly risk their lives to help their Russian comrades. It is right that our ally should know what they do to serve her—and right that we at home realise just how grim are the dangers, how appalling are the hardships, on the . . .*

THE ship was sailing in a North Russian convoy.

It was midwinter, and ice sheathed the decks, the masts, the superstructure. This ice on the Russian route is not like anything we even dream of in England.

The cold on some of the Russian runs is such that only "hard-case" seamen can stand it. And it was like that this time.

But—the cargo was going to Russia for a vital offensive, and British seamen would do much for their Russian comrades, after what Russia has borne for us.

Covering several square miles, the convoy moved steadily along. Warships escorted it, grimly proud of their record in taking supply ships over that route. Camships, those converted merchantmen with Hurricanes aboard, accompanied the convoy.

Shadowed Convoy

The northern route in winter is a dark route, but it is also severely restricted by the southern movement of the ice-edge. The German bomber pilots know just where to expect victims.

Sure enough, an Axis reconnaissance machine picked up the convoy, and shadowed it, sending back signals for a major attack.

Like flies swarming over a grey ceiling, the Heinkels and Junkers came crowding; and on each ship the bridge look-outs yelled details, and the gunners stood tin-hatted at their guns.

Aboard the Camships the pilots signalled that they were ready. Their heads resting against special cushions, elbows jammed into thighs to prevent the shock of catapulting jerking hand from stick (or maybe head from neck!), these young airmen wait.

On deck, men stand at the fire-hoses, for this launching is a dangerous affair.

Meanwhile, the first bombers are overhead, the guns are smack-smacking, the warships are darting and flashing, the sky is filled with puffballs of smoke and the vivid streaks of tracers; there is a background of whiplash whining as the bombs come down. . . .

Aboard the ship about which I want to tell you, good steering saved her from direct hits. But vibration from near misses damaged the engines.

So that instead of running sweetly, they became a wild inferno of dreadful clankings and flail-like beatings, amidst a screaming hell of scalding steam and rising water and bilge.

Mr. Wardman and Mr. Renwick, first and third engineers, took charge of the situation.

The engines had to stop. The ship had to heave-to.

Overhead, the Hurricane pilots in their fierce little machines were getting to work on the Stuka dive-bombers and the Heinkel high-level bombers, and on their fighter escorts.

On the ship's decks you could hear the typewriter-chatter of machine-guns as a Catafighter followed a Stuka "down the chute" and shot it flaming into the icy sea almost under the forefoot of an 8,000-ton tramp that had twice beaten off its screeching dive attacks.

"Quick Work"

Away ahead, his petrol exhausted, a Hurricane pilot bales out a neat half-mile in front of the leading ship.

Precisely four minutes after he touched the sea he is climbing aboard the rescuing tramp. Quick work? It's a way they have under the old Red Duster. . . .

"Wouldn't I just enjoy an evening at the Palladium," says Renwick, the third engineer, looking up sweating and greasy.

"You've got a light mind," says Wardman, his chief, in a serious voice. "Now,

The engine room is a tough spot at any time—and during sea or air attack it is apt to become a wild inferno

I'll tell you what it is. There's something damnably wrong with those main bearings, and I'm going down there to see about it."

Renwick whistles.

"And what may you mean by that noise, mister?" Wardman asks calmly.

"Oh—er—nothing, chief. If I could go, perhaps . . . ?"

But, without any heroics, Wardman climbs down into the engine-room tunnel—alone.

The engine-room is a bad enough place during big air or sea attack, because if anything happens to the ship there is not altogether a bright chance of getting on deck on time to make a jump for it. But the tunnel is worse.

The bearings *were* damaged. Wardman was thoroughly interested examining them when the second wave of German bombers came over. Lying on his chest, working with a big torch, he felt the ship leap beneath him as a bomb fell near—or aboard, perhaps.

He got on with his work, quietly and quickly.

For three days and three nights Ernest Wardman lubricated those bearings by hand every hour. He did not sleep; he only ate handfuls of oily food as it was passed down to him.

Hideous Risk

He took the most hideous risk of being choked like a rat if the ship foundered, or being broken to tatters if the engines were directly hit.

During all that time there were almost continuous bombing attacks.

In the engine-room the rest of them got the engines running and kept them running. Their task was no less heroic, no less arduous, and hardly less perilous than the chief officer's task.

Up on the bridge the deck officers kept the vessel on her course, directed the gunners how to fight back at the vultures that swooped and circled and screamed over them, and saw to it that the little community ate, lived and (when possible) slept, though death walked with them every fathom of the way.

And so, battered, damaged, ice-weighted, that ship came to a Russian port.

Instantly discharge of cargo began. Winches creaked, hatches yawned to give up vital materials and goods for which Churchill had pledged our word.

Thousands of tons of stuff was run ashore by those wonderful Russian women who work as hard and eagerly as any man—indeed, with a ferocity about them that our seamen marvel at.

Tenacious as locusts, the German bombers followed the ships to the port and bombed them there; bombed the women stevedores, bombed the little chuffing port engines and the moving cranes, bombed the workers' houses and the railway that served the port.

Riding in a dock turbulent from bomb-explosions, the British ship that had limped in amidst thunderous Russian cheers, still hit back at her sky tormentors.

Won Admiration

Wardman, released from that dark tunnel, stood by on deck, now giving a hand with the discharge of the cargo, now directing winch or derrick, now organising fire-parties in case some of the incendiaries which were kicked contemptuously into the water started a fire on a barge.

Down below, in engine-room or stoke-hold, Renwick and the rest of the engineers and firemen stood by also, maintaining steam, keeping the vessel in constant readiness, and her big winches clanking at the top of their form.

There was fun aboard that ship, despite casualties, despite unceasing air attacks, despite the privations they had suffered on the journey over, and the fact that, even now, food and sleep were mostly noticeable by their absence.

There came the night when the ship slid quietly out of port *en route* for home.

I would like you to picture her, moving steadily through the murk, flashed and split already by the grim firework display of yet another air raid on that devoted port and the tireless Russian gunners' reply to it.

Typical British Spirit

She goes strongly, with her engines repaired by the help of Russian engineers.

She means to complete the perilous journey to Britain, and then—come back again with more cargo for the North.

Dogged, grimy, unpainted, stumping through the ice-strewn sea, she typifies the spirit of England that will never turn back till the job is done and the seas from Pole to Pole are clean again.

The ship vanishes into the Arctic murk, her tiny lights obscured, taking Wardman and Renwick back to be decorated, and all the rest of her brave company, all stubbornly eager to reload and return, and return again and again.

They say Hitler never saw the sea till after he became Fuehrer. Because of that omission, his calculations for the enslavement of the world have come to naught.

The Rot Started Long Ago!

DID Fascism crack as suddenly as the recent news from Italy makes us believe?

Or was it disintegrated by a slow, remorseless dry rot?

I'm going to let you decide.

And, as evidence, I'm going to tell you one of the most recent stories to reach Britain from Italy—as I heard it from the lips of British Army medical personnel repatriated just before Mussolini toppled into the dust.

They travelled to their port of embarkation down the much-bombed, much-shelled coastal railway that hugs the western coast of Italy.

In the early hours of morning they heard the roar of bombs—British bombs.

The lights of their train were extinguished and they backed three miles into a tunnel.

As they sat in their carriages in complete darkness, the doors slid open every five minutes or so. Cigarettes, fruit, cheese, cakes—things you don't get easily in the Italy of to-day—were flung into their laps by passengers, who escaped without saying a word.

Shadowy figures opened the doors to hiss "Death to Mussolini" or "Keep it up, Tommy"—views as acceptable to the Britons squatting in the darkness as any presents of food.

In the morning a train attendant travelled from carriage to carriage.

Would the British soldiers hand over their Italian currency? He would make a note of the amount given by each man. And when they reached the port each would get the amount due to him in good, solid British coin.

The port was reached. The British troops stepped out on to the platform.

And—there was no money available for them. The senior Italian officer on the platform told them bluntly they had been robbed.

But railway workers and other civilians stood around listening—pressed for a full description of the thief.

Amid typical Latin tumult they saw him dragged down the platform for identification.

That completed to the satisfaction of the Italian onlookers, they beat him up thoroughly, turned him upside down, and shook every note and coin out of his pockets.

The whole lot was pushed into the first British hands stretched open to receive it.

Make no mistake, millions of Italians have been deadly enemies of this country, probably are to-day.

But the first hints both British and U.S. Governments had as to the crack that was coming consisted of such little stories of Italy's oppressed people as I have told you to-day.

MAURICE FAGENCE.

Who's Winning the War?—By HANNEN SWAFFER

It wasn't bravado that made him read the morning paper amid the wreckage of his home. It was just the typical British calm that beat the "blitz" and is helping to win the war.

★ Swaffer, laying about him with a flail, castigates a new craze and reminds us of the terrific achievements by which many nations—small and big alike—are bringing Victory nearer

A SILLY habit has grown up to-day — Galluping about.

A few men and women go round taking a Gallup Poll—asking a few more men and women silly questions, multiplying it by something without taking away what they thought of first, and then saying, "This is what everyone is thinking."

Actually, scarcely anyone was thinking it. He and she were really doing their work.

But they call it the Voice of the People.

Recently, the Galluping minors have been round asking:

"Which country of the United Nations do you think has so far made the greatest single contribution towards winning the war?"

Blackboard Sums

Obviously, the only proper way to find out was to ask 193,710,000 Russians, 140,000,000 Americans, and 45,000,000 Britons—except that there would be an element of risk in going into the fighting lines to ask the most important ones.

So all they could do was to call round at a few houses and then do sums on a blackboard.

And this was the fearsome decision arrived at:

British Poll.

	Per cent.
Russia	50
Britain	42
China	5
U.S.A.	3

American Poll.

U.S.A.	55
Russia	32
Britain	9
China	4

This they called "Who's winning the war, anyway?"

The real answer is "All the Allies." But that would be too easy. Besides, it wouldn't have started an argument.

One of the perils of the present war position is the fact that lots of people go frantic with worship whenever Russia is mentioned, and that many of these talk about their fears of "American industrialists," and that, at the same time, all sorts of folk who are pro-American look to the United States to keep some of us, after the war, from "the Bolshevik menace."

Meanwhile, others forget the great contribution of the British Commonwealth, the only ally which went into the war without being attacked, and the indomitable courage of China, which has fought on for six years.

Actually, Britain and the United States, fighting side by side, have brought down Mussolini, and so been the first to effect a breach in the Axis.

On the other hand, this great achievement would have been impossible had not Russia held up and destroyed millions of Germans on the Eastern Front. Then, but for the fact that we engaged Hitler elsewhere, Russia might have been beaten two years ago.

Continent Saved

Asia, by now, would probably have passed into the permanent possession of the Japanese but for the fact that China had seriously sapped their military strength.

Victory on one front is victory on all fronts. The Allies depend one on the other. And, to the end, they will do so.

Take such an oft-forgotten thing as the contribution of the smaller nations. We might have been beaten by the U-boat menace were it not for the merchant navies of Norway, Greece, and Holland.

Norway, for instance, had many priceless tankers in American ports and on the high seas when war broke out. Greece's merchantmen had all been brought out of the Mediterranean when war seemed imminent. Holland's splendid merchantmen, too, have been invaluable.

It was these three nations whose mercantile aid made the difference between our holding the lifeline and being starved.

Then Greece, by her valiant, if hopeless, defence of her country, made Hitler delay his attack on Russia for several weeks, the importance of which cannot even now be estimated.

How many people, when suddenly charged by the Gallupers, could remember all these details of a war so world-wide in its scope that we all forget, at times?

Yes, so vast is this global war that the last official figure given by the Soviet Information Bureau—this was two months ago—was 4,200,000 Russians killed and missing!

Vast Losses

But, more than that, the Russians have lost an area four times as great as the British Isles, a territory normally populated by 70,000,000 people, and suffered the loss in killed, wounded and missing on the battlefield, in workers lost through evacuation to Germany, and in civilians who died from starvation and disease, no fewer than 30,000,000 men, women and children!

Then, amazing as are these figures, we must always remember the great share taken by the United States in what will, one day, be victory, even before she came into the war.

When Roosevelt invented Lease-Lend he described its proposals as being like the act of a man who lent his garden hose to a neighbour whose house was on fire in case the flames should spread to his own house.

Actually, it was, in my view, the greatest act of friendship ever performed by one nation to another nation—and it was conceived at a time when our plight was so desperate that, before handing over fifty destroyers to our Fleet, Roosevelt had to obtain from Churchill a personal pledge that, in case of our defeat, they would never be handed over to the Germans!

Up till last March, no less a sum than £2,775,618,000 was spent in Lend-Lease. Of this, we received goods worth £779,000,000 and fighting gear valued at £220,250,000. Russia was sent stores that cost £455,500,000 and arms worth £260,250,000.

As for our aid to Russia, up till last January this was estimated at £170,000,000, apart from shipping and convoy services.

These few facts—and columns of them could be given—are only a small indication of how the Allies depend on each other.

Largely the Battle of Egypt was won with Sherman tanks. The share of the Indian troops has not yet been acknowledged.

Since then, the complete co-operation of the Americans and the British—in Algeria, Tunisia and Sicily—has been a model in its lack of jealousy and its magnificent team work.

Meanwhile, in the enslaved lands, millions of unknown heroes and heroines hasten, with resistance and with sabotage, the hour of victory.

All have had—and have—a share in what, we hope, will soon be victory.

LET US BE

★ The stampede of 1 must be ready, theref alone can the p

When it goes it will be provisional Government, ba authority of the Allies, to be i country to preserve order, ad and set the wheel of commun again.

This will be particularly ease of Germany herself. She more chaotic state than after

Then her central Govern but the machine of loc remained. This time noth between her and internal cha ready with a temporary policing and regulating her l

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Behind these matters th diate action loom the great ing the salvage of the wreck tion of Europe, and the t criminals who have brough upon us. These questions re tive judgment of the Allies.

What is that judgment of Germany? Revenge is ruled out for two reasons.

THE NEW WORLD A PEACE THAT WE HOPE T THESE AGONIES CANN WITH REVENGE AS TH STONE.

And what revenge is thi be a set-off to the bestial Germany has inflicted upon these past four years?

History Will Repeat Itself to End the War

BEAT one of Hitler's satellites out of the war and the whole Axis will collapse!

This recipe for Victory has been consistently advocated in these columns for nearly a year.

It is founded on the lessons of history.

★ ★ ★

Twenty-five years ago, in September, 1918, the German nation still did not realise that it had lost the war. True, Ludendorff's Spring and summer offensives in France had failed; his armies were suffering heavy counter-blows from the Allied Forces under Foch's command, and were gradually retreating in the West.

But Germany still held such vast parts of Europe in her military grip—Belgium, Poland, the Baltic provinces, the Ukraine, Serbia, Rumania—that she could not believe that all that would count for nothing in the end, and that she might lose the war.

Then, suddenly, her smallest confederate, Bulgaria, dropped out.

In spite of all official propaganda to the contrary, the German people soon grasped the truth.

Turkey, then Austria and Hungary, followed, and within six weeks after the Armistice on the Salonika front had opened the way to the Danube to the Allied Forces, the Kaiser had fled to Holland.

Months ago we suggested the possibility of history repeating itself.

Now we can be certain that it will.

On one point, however, the developments have been much more favourable than we dared to hope.

We assumed that it was more likely that the stone would be set rolling by some minor satellite like Finland, or Hungary, or Rumania. If it were Fascist Italy, we then said, so much the better. But we were afraid of wishful thinking.

★ ★ ★

Yet the master-stroke of the liberation of French North Africa, then the smashing victory in Tunisia, finally the lightning invasion of Sicily, and the relentless bombing of Italian cities, have achieved the most difficult aim first and knocked out Hitler's satellite No. 1 before the others, and sooner than could be anticipated.

Under the first s Berlin pretended Badoglio's assuranc goes on."

In reality, nobo neither in the le among the common clung to that hope

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And whatever s may be given by B Bucharest, Budap elsewhere, no Ger can seriously coun further prosecution

Of course, Hitler ing and Goebbels w the war is lost.

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S BE READY

Vice-President Wallace has heralded the "century of the common man." But the New World Order will demand careful planning and bold, swift action. / A start has been made; it must be followed up.

★ The stampede of 1940 is in reverse; no power can stay its momentum. We must be ready, therefore, for the peace, and for those vast changes by which alone can the peace be made a victory of justice and common sense

By A. G. GARDINER

When it goes it will be necessary for a provisional Government, backed with the authority of the Allies, to be installed in every country to preserve order, administer justice and set the wheel of communal life revolving again.

This will be particularly urgent in the case of Germany herself. She will be in a far more chaotic state than after the last war.

Then her central Government had gone; but the machine of local government remained. This time nothing will stand between her and internal chaos, unless we are ready with a temporary instrument for policing and regulating her life.

* * *

Behind these matters that call for immediate action loom the great questions involving the salvage of the wreck, the reconstruction of Europe, and the treatment of the criminals who have brought these horrors upon us. These questions require the collective judgment of the Allies.

What is that judgment to be in the case of Germany? Revenge is ruled out. It is ruled out for two reasons.

THE NEW WORLD AND THE NEW PEACE THAT WE HOPE TO WIN OUT OF THESE AGONIES CANNOT BE WON WITH REVENGE AS THEIR CORNER-STONE.

And what revenge is thinkable that could be a set-off to the bestial barbarities that Germany has inflicted upon humanity during these past four years?

But retribution there will be. Stern justice there must be. Germany has broken every law of God and man. Not once, but a thousand times. Not under the pressure of necessity, but as acts of deliberate policy.

No nation which under its own laws hangs murderers and punishes brigands and ravishers can question the penalties that should fall on the authors of the mass murders in Poland, and the slaughter of thousands of innocent hostages throughout the length and breadth of Europe.

These criminals—whose identity I rejoice to know is being recorded in every outraged country—will be summarily and justly executed.

And we must be agreed on another point. Germany has looted Europe from end to end. She has stolen its treasures, its gold, its libraries, its machinery, its locomotives, its land—everything on which she could lay her hands. This plunder must be restored in kind and in full.

This, as Lord Maugham, late Lord Chancellor has observed, "is not Revenge; nor is it Retribution founded on hatred: it is the simplest and most obvious form of Justice."

* * *

Nor must the German people expect to escape the stern arbitrament of Justice. They knew of this conspiracy for years. They prepared for it.

They tolerated the government of gangsters who conceived it. They condoned its infamies. They shared its loot. They hailed its triumphs.

Not more than 5 per cent. of the nation were spiritually hostile to Hitler, said that great German, F. W. Foerster, who has spent his life in exile from a country which, from the days of Bismarck, he saw was drifting into the enemy of civilisation.

Now the game is up. Now the nation of bullies is becoming a nation of whining suppliants. It is their traditional rôle in defeat.

Foerster tells of a German officer in the last war who, after dilating on the treatment that Germany would mete out to the conquered countries, was asked, "And suppose Germany loses?" "Then we shall organise sympathy," said the officer. She did, and this second world war is the dreadful fruit of her success.

SHE MUST NOT SUCCEED AGAIN. WE MUST USE STERNER METHODS AND WISER METHODS. WE HAVE GOT TO LIVE BESIDE THE GERMANS SOMEHOW, AND TO DO THAT WE MUST CURE THEM OF THE BARBARIC NOTION THEY SHARE WITH THE JAPS THAT THEY CAN CONQUER THE EARTH.

Militarily they must be put in a strait waistcoat, from which they must never be permitted to escape. Spiritually they must be made to see that it pays to be civilised.

The two methods must be employed concurrently. The Atlantic Charter lays it down that Germany shall be immediately disarmed, but that, like all other nations, she shall enjoy access on equal terms to the trade and raw materials of the world, and be admitted to the fullest economic collaboration internationally.

* * *

I come back to the question with which I started—Are we prepared for the tasks which may soon have to be shouldered? We are prospering in the war beyond our highest hopes, and our collaboration now is all that we could wish.

Is it so in the no less urgent field of peace policy—the treatment of Germany, the settlement of Europe, the construction of a new world order, the policing of mankind, the government of the air?

Are we in step in these and other great matters which we shall have to face immediately Hitler has gone the way of Mussolini?

I fear not. We have touched gingerly, in the Keynes and Morgenthau memoranda, on the problem of world currency.

But I know of only one direction in which we have made a real collective advance. The Hot Springs conference dealing with the world's food supply was, in President Roosevelt's phrase, an "epoch-making event."

It is gratifying to us to know, on the authority of the Americans, that it was the British delegation whose leadership made the conference so brilliant a success.

WE NEED THE SAME BOLD TACKLING OF ALL THE POLITICAL, ECONOMIC, SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL PHASES OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER.

And in this connection, may we not soon hope to see the meeting of the four principals of the Allied nations—Roosevelt, Stalin, Churchill, and Chiang Kai-shek—to lay down the principles of the largest common agreement on all the issues of the post-war world?

The meetings of the Axis gangsters are over—never to be resumed. A meeting of our own Big Four at this stage would send a thrill round the world.

We were not prepared for the war. Hence the price we are paying now.

Do not let it be said again that we were not ready for the peace. Britain Russia, and America must take the lead and they should take it now.

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drawal of many

Italian divisions from Greece, Albania, Yugoslavia, Corsica, Savoy, Nice, and parts of the Provence.

Hitler must either evacuate all these regions too, or replace the Italians by divisions of his own army. But we know he has not any divisions to spare.

He may try to withdraw all round nearer to Germany's frontiers, and to make a last desperate stand for defending—not the "Fortress of Europe," which is already a bygone slogan—but the "Fortress Germany."

That is what he will probably do.

A quarter of a century ago the German High Command was thinking of that for a fifth war winter. But the Germans revolted before this last gamble of the Kaiser's generals could be waged.

★ ★ ★

Admittedly, there was no Gestapo, no S.S. in the Germany of 1918 as in the Germany of 1943.

So that gamble may be tried this time with a view to holding out over a fifth war winter. It would be a hopeless gamble, anyway—and the Germans know it.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

d the Doorstep ooks, Madam!

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

me is a period of n opportunity for the l-time crooks.

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LISTEN TO APPEALS

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irculars sent out by this to be a sheer waste of imes.

to all who receive them !

BENEFACTOR

ooper, *The Hollow, on Mowbray,* has been veek's £1 1s.

welcomed about any or scandal. Address: ctor, JOHN BULL, 93, ndon, W.C.2.

every possibility that he might go your way. He is, indeed, already "wanted" by the police of many towns.

MAN WITH A SCAR

He is fifty-three, height 5 ft. 11 in.; long, pale face with noticeable scar on the right cheek; fair hair, thick enough to suggest he is a younger man, and usually well brushed back; high forehead; sandy, bushy eyebrows; hazel eyes; can speak as a cultured, refined man.

And most of his dupes have been the wives of ex-Servicemen seeking cheaper accommodation in view of the strain of high rents on their limited exchequers.

He has many methods of "working," and I will let you see one through the eyes of a Croydon woman who was a recent victim.

She had advertised for a small house or flat at a reasonable rent, and almost immediately a pleasant, convincing individual giving the name of Mr. James Jerome called on her.

Naturally, he does not give the name by which police forces all over Britain know him so well. He has used, among other names, Coutts, Kingston, Ball, Whitaker, Argyle and Buckram.

Mr. Jerome had seen the woman's advertisement, and something in its undoubted sincerity had impressed him.

So—having through force of circumstances to give up his own delightful flat—he had decided that she should have first option.

He displayed snaps of the interior. And it did, indeed, look a delightful bargain for 25s. weekly—a week's rent in advance, plus a nominal £1 for the key (produced).

So £2 5s. was handed over for a two-penny key and a neat little receipt.

Mr. Jerome walked out to collect more two pounds fives from other people on his list.

And that Croydon woman to whom such a sum was no small amount walked out to find, as a result of a long and bitter search, that the flat did not exist—was a castle of dreams.

One of Marsden's many variants is to advertise a home, call on the people who reply and, having stated that the empty

No matter how convincing his "sales talk," it shouldn't persuade her to pay money in advance.

premises are his father's or brother's, ask a sum of money for the key.

Sometimes the premises don't exist. But sometimes they do, in which case there is never anything known there of a man named Marsden.

SUPPOSED DETECTIVE

Then there is that certain Mr. Reynolds—or so he calls himself—who, posing as a detective, has bluffed so many small women shopkeepers in the absence of their menfolk.

The police of several big cities are looking for him at the moment, and typical of what he does is a Leeds woman's recent experience of him.

She was in her little general shop when Mr. Reynolds breezed in—the very embodiment of Law and Order.

There were a lot of forged notes about, alleged Mr. Reynolds, looking officially stern at the very thought of it. He'd have to inspect the notes in the till.

H'm. He didn't like the look of them at all. Not a bit. But it was not for him to express an opinion one way or another. That would have to be done by an expert at the police station. He would borrow them for an hour or so for a scrutiny.

And so disappeared a hard-earned £6 10s.—and with it, as he has disappeared so often before, the official-looking figure of Mr. Reynolds.

Also on tour in search of victims is an elderly man of genteel manner who seems to find a new name for every "job."

He calls at doors, commiserates with the housewives on the absence of handy-man-husbands.

A "COME DOWN"

Electrical equipment so *easily* gets out of condition, doesn't it? Which is just where he can help.

For he has been a master electrician all his life—has wired up some of the biggest places in the country. But to-day, by misfortune, he has had to "come down" to an electrical repair shop he is opening locally.

Deposits change hands, for the only way to get on the waiting list is to pay something down.

And by the time countless victims have found that the "small repair shop" doesn't exist, this gentlemanly fellow with domestic trials is pouring out his heart in another district.

And now let me deal with a few *types* of current frauds—for to give the names of all the practitioners of them would take all my space!

There's hardly a district of any importance without experience of the bogus Government or Local Authority officials who are going the rounds.

It seems incredible that people will accept such crooks as having official status without asking for production of credentials which ALL officials have to carry—but they do.

And what is more, they pay away hard-earned money to them, although it should be obvious that governments and councils rarely seek cash from you at your back door.

Then there are the bogus billeting officers who "call to inspect the premises" and, human nature being as gullible as it is, can manage to get left alone and steal everything of value that can be stuffed into pockets.

And shopkeepers are being robbed by dozens of exponents of the trick of offering goods in very short supply—*payment with order to ensure early supply.*

Hundreds of dupes of one man alone have been trying to trace the whereabouts of a high-sounding Liverpool firm.

They find the Liverpool police are already making inquiries because there is no such firm!

Yes, these are great days for the small-time cheats—even for those who haven't the enterprise to change the tricks that were "winners" ten, twenty years ago.

SAME OLD RAMPS

True, the photographic enlargement trick specialists stipulate now that they want to enlarge (and suitably frame) the photographs of those members of the family who are in uniform.

And the collectors of old clothing "for charity"—never believe them if they can't produce a police authorisation to collect—have given a Service sound to the name of the charity concerned.

But they are usually the same old ramps—made easier and more profitable and, on the whole, safer, because this is war time.

—HUMAN MACHINE—

THE GREATEST GIFT

A great doctor has left it on record that one of the finest attributes of the human being is his astonishing power of turning a minus into a plus.

The world is full of proofs of this statement.

Look at the blind people you know. See how they have overcome what must at first have seemed a devastating handicap!

Many of them behave as though they have never lost their sight. Lots of them do things that those of us who have not lost our sight would find no little difficulty in doing.

Look at those who have lost a limb, a hand, a foot. They do things that we who are whole would be well satisfied to do. They play golf, billiards, cricket. They ride, they paint.

That is a combination of the physical and the mental, but a purely mental minus can also be turned into a plus.

Is your "minus" a hot temper? You can learn to control it. You become like the famous preacher who said to one of his disciples who had rebuked him for asperity: "Young man! I control more temper in fifteen minutes than you will in your whole lifetime."

Is it a sense of inferiority? A sense of inadequacy? A sense of failure? A feeling of frustration? It can be remedied. It can be cured. It can be turned from a liability to an asset.

You must have faith; you must believe it can be cured by you.

If you recognise what the trouble is and admit it honestly and fearlessly to yourself, you are half-way to the cure.

You must then consciously and deliberately fight it every day. Every day—no missing!

Sagas Suburb TOOT By WILL S

OLD GEORG You'd only body. Even They had shudder when ol mentioned.

"Oh, *that* man! what a *pest*!"

And anybody who old Georgie once wo Underground or jump into a shop where t buy anything or even their way round St rather than be caug twice.

Life was too fleet of old Georgie.

He'd stop you in along the Tooting Be denly sit beside you Common, and before you were he'd have hi on your sleeve and eyes and shouting "Well, go on, laugh!

If you'd never bee say, you'd never hea you might be silly e the trap.

Instead of pulling *running* (as the wise say:

"Laugh? Why?"

"Because," old G "this is Tooting."

After which it wou this:

"But why laugh a

"Exactly!. That's ing for forty years."

"How d'you mean?

"Everybody laugh the name. *Tooting.* begin to laugh. The fools. Just because T like that they have idiots! Making a j forty years I've been learn sense. But th

Then, if you tried grip you tighter.

"If they'd called Honeycomb Hill, or nobody'd have take they called it Too damned idiots on e *Tooting.* Ha! ha! the place itself for l

You might protes very interesting, but

15,000 TO A

EVERY metal struct for the guidance aircraft are certainly rule.

For instance, 15,00 building of a La which would probab contents of five or si to make the special for them.

These blueprints of the aircraft—the thousands more—2 the Bristol Taurus e

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Just a few more waste paper for sal

Sagas of the Suburbs—II

TOOTING

By

WILL SCOTT

★ The way people laughed at the name of Tooting always made Old Georgie mad. But the time came when he met Someone who gave him . . .

Something to Smile About

Old Georgie and his Old Dear are as happy as the day is long. Summer or winter, you'll find them on the Common, watching the children scampering through the trees and romping across the green.

OLD GEORGIE was a pest. You'd only got to ask anybody. Even perfect strangers. They had been known to shudder when old Georgie was mentioned.

"Oh, *that* man! Oh, yes! Oh, lord, what a *pest*!"

And anybody who had been caught by old Georgie once would dive down the Underground or jump into a taxi or dart into a shop where they didn't want to buy anything or even walk miles out of their way round Streatham, anything rather than be caught by old Georgie twice.

Life was too fleeting for two doses of old Georgie.

He'd stop you in the High Street or along the Tooting Bec Road or even suddenly sit beside you on a bench on the Common, and before you knew where you were he'd have his old claw-like hand on your sleeve and be looking in your eyes and shouting (really *shouting*): "Well, go on, laugh!"

If you'd never been caught before, if, say, you'd never heard of old Georgie, you might be silly enough to walk into the trap.

Instead of pulling your hat down and *running* (as the wise ones did) you might say:

"Laugh? Why?"

"Because," old Georgie would reply, "this is Tooting."

After which it would go somehow like this:

"But why laugh at Tooting?"

"Exactly! That's what I've been saying for forty years."

"How d'you mean?"

"Everybody laughs at Tooting. It's the name. *Tooting.* Damn fools always begin to laugh. The world's full of damn fools. Just because Tooting's got a name like that they have to *giggle.* Damned idiots! Making a joke of a place. For forty years I've been trying to make 'em learn sense. But they only laugh."

Then, if you tried to get away, he'd grip you tighter.

"If they'd called it Beech Park or Honeycomb Hill, or something like that, nobody'd have taken any notice. But they called it Tooting, and all the damned idiots on earth have to *titter. Tooting.* Ha! ha! And nobody looks at the place itself for laughing."

You might protest that all this was very interesting, but it had nothing to do with you. But if you thought you were getting away from old Georgie as easily as that you were very much mistaken.

If he'd got you in the High Street he'd wave a hand at the shops.

"Look at 'em! Good-class shops, aren't they? Look at the new Underground station! Tooting's a grand place. I ought to know. I've lived here all my life, and I wouldn't live anywhere else. A grand place. Right. Then why make a joke of it?"

If he'd got you in one of the streets he'd wave a hand at the houses.

"Look at 'em. Good-class houses, aren't they? Look at the gardens! Well, then . . ."

His great delight was the Common.

"Look at that! Where can you beat that? People who've never seen it think Tooting Common is a few yards of dust with a weed in the middle. But *look* at it! Why, damn it, sir, it's rural! You could walk twenty miles and not see a common to beat it.

"Look at the *trees*! Look at that stretch of open green. But if you happen to mention that you live in Tooting to anybody in Golders Green or East Ham or Acton they can't stop laughing for weeks."

And you might say "Quite. I see. Yes." And start to move away. But old Georgie would move after you.

"Why, even on the music-halls, years ago, it was a joke. 'Two to Tooting.' And the house would rock till the roof fell in. Just because it's called Tooting."

AND then he'd thump his stick on the pavement or the turf and add:

"It's a scandal! I've written letters to all the papers about it, but they're never published. I've written to M.P.s about it, but they take no notice. As nice a place as you could wish for, and it's just a joke. Because of its *name.*"

And in the end you would realise that there was only one thing to be done about it—to pull down your hat and run. Murmuring: "What a *pest*! The next time I see *him* coming . . ."

Forty years old Georgie had been at it. Stopping you here, there, everywhere and leading on about the only topic that had ever interested him. Why, some people had actually moved far away from Tooting because of him.

You could never be sure if you went out shopping, or even for a picnic on the Common on a summer's afternoon, that old Georgie would not appear from behind a bus or out of the middle of a bush and *start.*

Many a rosy-cheeked man had become pale through the years because of old Georgie.

"Pity he doesn't get married. Give him something else to think about," some would say.

"But," others would ask, "where's the woman who would have old Georgie?"

To which nobody else could say anything.

But one day the Old Dear appeared on Tooting Bec Common and sat on a bench and watched the children running through the trees and romping across the open green. She stared fascinated at the distant train which seemed to be running across the very grass in front of her. A happy-looking Old Dear. A perfect stranger.

Old Georgie spotted her. Old Georgie would

He tottered across the grass. He sat beside her. He looked at her.

"Good afternoon, madam," he said.

"Good afternoon," said the Old Dear pleasantly.

Old Georgie thumped the turf with his stick.

"Well, go on," he said, "*laugh*!"

"Why should I laugh?" asked the Old Dear.

"Because," said old Georgie, "this is Tooting."

"Well, why should I laugh at Tooting?"

"Ah!" cried old Georgie. "There you are! That's what I keep saying. I've been saying it for forty years. Why laugh at Tooting? Why *do* they? Because it's *called* Tooting. Half-wits, that's what they are. Half-wits."

And so one thing led to another, as one thing always did with old Georgie, and six months later they were married and settled down in a little cottage which was just big enough for two, looking out over the Common which couldn't be beaten not if you walked twenty miles.

Tooting was staggered.

"Old Georgie married? But what can she see in him? What could any woman see in him? He's a *pest*!"

Tooting was certain it wouldn't last.

But it has lasted. It's lasted from that day to this.

And old Georgie and his Old Dear are as happy as the day is long. Summer or winter you'll find them on the Common, wandering through the trees hand-in-hand, looking at the impossible trains across the green or watching the children scampering in the sunshine. You couldn't find a happier old couple anywhere.

At first Tooting didn't believe it. Then, when it was forced to believe it, it couldn't understand. And at last it set out to understand.

MRS. STOOKS'S job it was to find out. Mrs. Stooks shopped at the same little grocery store as the Old Dear, and they met there most mornings at half-past ten.

"What I like about you," said Mrs. Stooks, opening up one morning, "is that you're always bright and cheerful."

"Happily married, that's what does it," the Old Dear beamed. "So long as you're happily married what more do you want?"

"There's some that isn't," hinted Mrs. Stooks, trying another gambit.

"Ah," said the Old Dear, "that's because they've got nothing in common. But the very first time I ever spoke to my husband I knew we'd get on well together. We look at things the same way, you see, and you've got to to make a success of marriage."

"Such as what?" asked Mrs. Stooks, a trifle fogged.

"Such as the way he can't stand all these fools who laugh when Tooting's mentioned," said Mrs. George. "I knew just how he felt from the first minute. You see, I come from Wigan."

15,000 TO A LANCASTER!

EVERY metal structure needs blueprints for the guidance of the workers; and aircraft are certainly no exception to the rule.

For instance, 15,000 blueprints go to the building of a Lancaster—a quantity which would probably require the cotton contents of five or six tons of mixed rags to make the special grade of paper used for them.

These blueprints are for the building of the aircraft—the engine requires many thousands more—24,000 in the case of the Bristol Taurus engine.

Blueprints are necessary before any constructional work can begin; and since they have to stand hard usage, are made from tough rag paper—a worthy ending for your worn-out shirts or sheets.

Paper of ordinary grades enters into the actual fabric of the aircraft. A Lancaster has more than 1,000 component parts made from paper-based materials.

Just a few more reasons for saving all waste paper for salvage!

It Gives Me Quite a Turn!

BUT for the war we'd have kept on keeping on, all of us. Mr. Smith, something in the City, would have been nothing but something in the City to the end.

Mrs. Brown, fancy goods counter-hand at the local sub post-office, would have been quite satisfied to leave it at that.

But the war has done two queer things to Mr. Smith and Mrs. Brown, as it has done two queer things to most people in this and other countries.

First, it has turned Mr. Smith into the N.F.S. and Mrs. Brown into a war canteen. And secondly it has turned Mr. Smith into an imitator of domestic and farmyard pets and Mrs. Brown into a tenth-rate imitator of Jessie Matthews.

When he was in the City Mr. Smith would simply never have "obliged." Nor would Mrs. Brown have "obliged" when she was just a face behind the fancy goods counter.

Very few people anywhere were willing to "oblige" before the war. Now, nothing on earth can stop them.

"I will now call on Mr. Jones to oblige with a few numbers by Noel Coward at the piano."

Mr. Jones obliges.

"Miss Robinson will now oblige with Cecily Courtneidge's grand number —"

Miss Robinson obliges.

Nothing, indeed, could stop her.

Since the war began I should think that three-quarters of the population of the British Isles have become turns.

The country has been changed into a kind of monster music hall. And if we could get exact figures I believe we should find that the turns outnumber the audience.

More people are at it than had the 'flu in 1918.

If it keeps on as it's keeping on I shall expect a White Paper about it before long. There will have to be a Select Committee appointed to plan it and control it after the war.

Or a law to stop it.

I fear the day when it will break out in the streets, when somebody will get up in a bus and give a "slight" impression of Arthur Askey singing one of his bird songs.

I dread the day when a knock on my door will be a prelude to a turn on my doorstep.

Or when the booking clerk at the station shoves his face through his little window and inflicts "Trees" on me before letting me have my ticket.

I can see it souring the world for the rest of our generation.

In 1963 for instance.

"Mummie, what did you do in the great war?"

"Well, I think I was best, darling, as Bebe Daniels in that *lovely* little number 'Until You Fall in Love.'"

And then *she'll* start.

Looking back, the 'flu in 1918 wasn't so bad.

A. G.

"Two's company"—you know the old adage. And this man isn't the only one who finds it hard to get rid of the unwanted "other woman"

★ If you are in doubt write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN UNDERSTANDS

STRANGEST problem this week involves three people: a middle-aged man, father of a growing family; his thoroughly efficient wife with plenty of common-sense; another women who created the problem.

The man writes about this "other woman":

From the moment we met there sprang up a friendship between us that may prove disastrous. She is cultured, has great abilities, and her beauty is so exceptional that the eyes of men and women turn to her as she walks down the street.

The story of the man's fascination is too long to tell, but it is sufficient to say that the friendship grew in intensity until he found himself unable to break away. As he says:

At times I became angry and outspoken, and often told her not to see me again. But she always came back, cheerful and charming as ever, and all would start over again.

She would see me daily for a time, then she would disappear for some weeks, make appointments and not keep them; proffer excuses that I knew were not wholly true.

In exasperation I wrote a deliberately rude letter telling her that all future relationship must cease; but a week later she rang me up as if nothing had happened and we started once more. She seemed more bewitching than ever.

There were more broken appointments and I wrote a most insulting letter to make a complete end. But she came again. I steeled myself against her and answered only in monosyllables.

The instant she had gone I wrote forbidding her ever to see me or speak to me again. That is the position at the moment.

With all her faults she is the most natural, the most kind-hearted, the most guileless person on earth. Now she has gone I am in a state of real agony. My life has become a burden. What can I do?

It seems evident that the woman does not take those letters seriously, and I expect to hear that she has turned up again, smiling and delightful as ever.

It sounds like a cat-and-mouse game that she is playing with him, letting him go for the satisfaction of catching him again.

The man asks what he can do—presumably to disentangle himself for ever. I suggest that he introduces his wife to her and leaves them together for a few minutes. A few words, carefully chosen, carefully aimed, would end the trouble.

Women understand women all right, and the efficient wife with plenty of common-sense would need no prompting.

A VERY different problem comes from a woman who is worried about a child whose parents seem to loathe the sight of their offspring.

There are other children on whom they dote, but this particular girl is treated abominably and made the drudge of the household.

Her life has been hellish, she writes. Unwanted by her mother, bawled at by her father, ordered about by the other sisters and brothers.

She has never had a holiday. She has all the dirty jobs of the house to do—washing the dishes, peeling the spuds, scrubbing the floors, while her elder sister does the pleasanter tasks.

She has been thrashed until she now says she doesn't care. It only makes her warm! But these last few months she has started pilfering little things from the home, and her elder sister eggs her on to do these things which makes her mother hate her worse than ever.

I feel sure that some day the mother will bitterly regret her treatment of her own flesh and blood. In addition to giving her the most unmerciful thrashing for the thefts she threatens to have her sent to an approved school.

THE pilfering is almost certainly the result of ill-treatment at home, and if the habit grows the girl may find herself in an approved school.

But I should not regard that as a punishment. The girl would probably be happier there than at home. It might prove the happiest solution of the problem.

Readers who have read *Les Misérables* will be reminded of little Cosette and her life of slavery. It is not hard work but injustice which makes a child grow bitter.

Here is a letter from a young man who has been keeping a diary:

The other day my mother came across it and read it. On coming home she questioned me severely about it, demanding to know who was So-and-so and why a certain girl's name was in the diary.

I lost my temper and said things I ought not to have said. There was nothing of great importance in the diary, but I do furiously object to interference in my private affairs. Do you think I was justified in feeling so angry?

The answer is Yes. I should feel angry if I found anyone reading a diary of private letters without permission just as I should feel if I found a person eavesdropping or peeping through a keyhole. Such things are inexcusable.

VOICE OF THE

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good-adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "VOICE," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

MILLIONS of people were stirred by "The Foreman Went to France"—one of the most-discussed of recent films. The foreman's return journey was made possible by a JOHN BULL reader, Mr. D. Macdonald, of 33, Melina Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, who tells here the true account of how the Nazis were deprived of a vital war secret:—

My story begins shortly before the evacuation of Dunkirk when I, a driver in the R.A.S.C., and a few others volunteered to pick up some supplies.

I was at the rear of the convoy, and after travelling a few miles my lorry developed engine trouble. By the time I had put it right the convoy had disappeared—and I hadn't been told where it was going. The only course was to return to my company.

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

When I reached the camp it was completely deserted. I waited some time, hoping that the convoy would be coming back, then I decided to make for the company headquarters at Le Mans, about a hundred miles away.

Every town and village I passed on the way was still and deserted, the only sign of life being a few cats and dogs left behind by their owners.

I found Le Mans devoid of British troops. By this time I was tired and hungry, but decided to make for another headquarters at Nance.

On the way I passed thousands of weary refugees, fleeing from enemy 'planes which continually swooped down to machine-gun them.

I came across a party of thirty small children, shepherded by two schoolteachers, a coloured man and an old lady who could hardly talk. One of the women, who could speak English, told me that they had brought the children from Paris, and now did not know what to do.

The French authorities wouldn't help, so I offered to take them along with me.

For two days we were on the road without food. It was heartbreaking to see those youngsters crammed together in the lorry, weary and hungry.

At one farmhouse I pulled up. The woman who came out was suspicious and unfriendly.

It was not surprising; my uniform was covered with mud, I was ragged, and over my right eye was a lump the size of an egg, where I had been stung by an insect.

BLOWN-UP BRIDGE

The farm wife told one of the women in my party that I was clearly a Fifth Columnist.

However, we allayed her suspicions and she gave us as much bread and fish-paste as she could spare, and once again we set off on our weary way.

The plight of the children made me think of my own wife and child. I imagined the horror of my son being an abandoned and helpless victim of the war.

There was no room inside for an English Tommy we picked up, but he was happy to sit uncomfortably on the wing of the lorry.

As we approached Nance, some villagers told us that we would not reach the town as the bridge had been blown up. So once again we moved on, this time making for Lorient.

There I learned that France had capitulated. On the advice of the Commandant at the Naval Barracks, a small, surly man, indifferent to the plight of the children, I left them and their guardians at a convent. It was a sad farewell.

Despairing, famished and weary, the refugees trudged along until they sank exhausted

The only thing left for myself and the soldier to do was to make for the coast. I asked the Commandant for petrol. He wanted to sell me some, but I had no money.

After an argument, he grudgingly let me have ten gallons—not enough to take us to the coast.

I was lucky. Near La Rochelle I found

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

Last week my friend bought a brooch for 12s. 6d. I happen to have one exactly the same, but it cost me 6d. before the war!—"Mrs. G.," West Ealing.

* * *

Young couples getting married should beware of the faked ring ramp. Rings are being sold bearing the stamp 18 ct. or 9 ct., but without the gold hall-mark. They usually have a thin shell of gold covering the base metal underneath.—Mrs. A. Cruse, Sherborne, Dorset.

* * *

In two successive issues of the *Radio Times* I have counted no less than thirty-one different dance bands in the programmes. Here is an untapped source of man-power for Mr. Bevin—or are dance bands a reserved occupation?—"M. H. H.," Buxton, Derbyshire.

* * *

Every hospital should have a canteen for "Out patients." Many come long distances, wait for weary hours, are very ill and cannot find tea-rooms open anywhere.—"A. L. H.," Westerton, Dumbartonshire.

* * *

Closing of public libraries on Sundays and after 8 p.m. on weekdays is stupid. Nowadays many workers have no opportunity to use the libraries during existing opening hours.—N. C. Crane, Psalter Lane, Sheffield.

* * *

In a railway goods yard at —— there is a heap of scrap metal weighing about ten tons, which has been undisturbed for at least three years. The Government want scrap metal, so what about it?—"Puzzled," Bournemouth.

TROO

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At La Rochelle itself mount of equipment lef R.A.F., obviously abando

Groping round for food of chocolate and a full tles. A miner finding ave been more excited ince I had smoked.

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ASLEEP AT THI

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It was a squeeze, for I up two Englishwomen a

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At last we reached our found a British official him my story: of the ma get back to England passengers.

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THE LORRY WE

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The next day Mr. J. a again in my lorry. journey the machinery Grantham, and I took R.A.S.C. depot I knew one was surprised to he few lorries got back fro

But the strain and an few days in France had I was no longer the ph who had volunteered fo nervous breakdown sent for ten months; then I from the Army as unfit

COMPLAINING bec an ugly one indee complain to those greater need. Their c must seem provoking life's divided by those those who accept thin

COMPLAINING may should be very how soon the simples by complaining, be meant to get on with the best we know ho not the sheaves in all beads of sweat on m

TROOPS

n abandoned R.A.F. charabanc and ransferred its petrol to my lorry.

At La Rochelle itself I saw a vast mount of equipment left behind by the R.A.F., obviously abandoned in a hurry.

Groping round for food, I found a bar of chocolate and a full packet of cigarettes. A miner finding gold could not have been more excited. It was days since I had smoked.

Then two more abandoned soldiers came up and we decided to head for Bordeaux.

Just as we were about to start, an English civilian asked if he could join us. He said that there was some business he must attend to; would we meet him farther down the road outside the factory?

Here Mr. J.—as I shall call him—told me of the important machinery which should, if possible, be taken back to England. This machinery was for making a special kind of gun, and it was imperative that it should not fall into the hands of the enemy.

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

I was rather suspicious, but he showed me his papers and I agreed to take the machinery.

It was a squeeze, for I had also picked up two Englishwomen and a child.

After continual driving without food or sleep I was worn out. Mr. J. had to keep jerking me to prevent my falling asleep over the wheel.

At last we reached our destination. I found a British official there and told him my story: of the machinery we must get back to England and of my passengers.

There was a boat going to England! And it was possible to get the machinery on board!

THE LORRY WENT TOO

We rushed down to the docks, where they were about to move the machinery from the lorry on to the boat.

I suggested that the lorry should be taken on board with the machinery inside it. I had grown attached to that lorry! The captain agreed, and off we sailed for England.

At Falmouth, Mr. J. and I told our story to a British officer. We stayed the night at a luxurious hotel—muddy and dishevelled as I was.

The next day Mr. J. and I started out again in my lorry. After two days' journey the machinery was delivered at Grantham, and I took the lorry to an R.A.S.C. depot I knew, where everyone was surprised to hear my tale, for few lorries got back from France.

But the strain and anxiety of the last few days in France had taken their toll. I was no longer the physically fit man who had volunteered for the Army. A nervous breakdown sent me to hospital for ten months; then I was discharged from the Army as unfit for service.

COMPLAINING

COMPLAINING becomes a habit and an ugly one indeed, for so often folk complain to those who stand in much greater need. Their catalogue of worries must seem provokingly out of place, but life's divided by those who complain and those who accept things with good grace.

COMPLAINING may be an outlet, but it should be very sparingly used, for how soon the simplest tasks of life can, by complaining, be abused. We are meant to get on with living, to persevere the best we know how, for God counts not the sheaves in all life's fields, but the beads of sweat on man's brow.

COMPLAINING is, therefore, spoiling the things of our heart and hand. It is dimming life's humble glory and failing to understand; the simple duty of living with its spiritual toil and ascent, and the brief easement got by complaining blurs the enrichment of life's content.

COMPLAINING is, therefore, futile and an utter waste of time. It detracts from events that have happened and proves a stumbling-block in life's climb. It is a blight on life's opening flower and it robs each chance unguessed. Silent deeds are by Heaven commended and willing toilers are Heaven-Blessed.

J. M.

★ The plane was spinning to disaster; its pilot struggled desperately to free the parachute that had opened too soon. Then, after "baling out," he had another adventure which made him move still faster and need a safety pin

This is how a parachute landing should be made. But a bull fight, of course, could easily spoil it

Jumped with His Parachute Open

FLIGHT-SERGEANT F. DALE, of Colwyn Bay, was enjoying himself that clear, blue summer's evening.

The rolling English countryside lay beneath his wings, his Oxford was answering as sweet as a nut to the touch, and he had a pupil in the nose between the twin engines who was the sort that seem to know it all by instinct.

Dale was 23, and he had a sense of humour.

Young Smiler, the pupil, was at the controls. He had been going through routine flying for the last ten minutes, making his turns, climbing, losing height, and anyone could have told from a look at his face that this, for him, was heaven.

He was 19, had plenty of cheek, was as keen as mustard and he had no nerves.

Both of them will remember all their lives what the Flight-Sergeant was burbling about when it happened.

"The harness seems to tie you up until you get used to it," he said over the intercom. "It's uncomfortable—whether you get used to it or not—to sit on. But never forget that your parachute is your best friend, my lad!"

Any Moment

The Smiler poked up a thumb. Talk spoilt the flying, but he knew that the sergeant, before being posted for a term as instructor, had been one of Fighter Command's Channel Reconnaissance pilots. "Okay, Flight," he answered.

"You can forget all about it for weeks, but one moment you'll want it, and your life will depend on it. Depend on your chute to get you out of a tight corner."

At that moment the port engine screeched and began to shake the aircraft like a dog with a rat. Pieces flew off it as the sergeant snatched over the controls and cut the switches.

In that same split second something sailed into the starboard engine's prop., and the lunging, shaking machine felt as if it might fall into bits at any moment.

"Out you go!" the Sergeant yelled.

He reached over to pull off his pupil's helmet—plugged into the aircraft by the WT wires.

Last Attempt

The Smiler still had his grin on his face when he dived head first out of the door. The soles of his boots was the last thing the Instructor saw of him as he went.

The man left in the machine had a last wrestle with the controls. The vibration was terrific, and he saw that it was hopeless to try to save the Oxford.

The starboard prop. had one blade bent almost double and it looked as if the engine would fall out at any moment. He was still at an altitude of over 2,000 feet. He decided to bale.

Down below he saw the Smiler's chute—a white mushroom nearing the deck. Dale waited until he saw the Smiler land in the middle of what looked like a thick hedge, then he left the controls and pushing back the door, jumped.

The edge caught his shoulder as the machine lurched round out of control and threw him back on to the floor of the cabin.

As he fell a ghastly thing happened.

The handle of his parachute release gear hooked into something and clouds of silk billowed out as his chute opened. Inside the machine, slipstream draughts from the door made it thresh around him as he lay, tangling him up in the cords.

Took a Long Chance

The Oxford was now turning crazily into a spin, losing height rapidly. Dale had not long to ponder. It was death to jump without a chute. It was death to stay in the machine. He decided to take a long chance and pump.

First jettisoning the door, he gathered armfuls of the opened chute and dropped feet first out of the machine.

Clear of the falling machine, he opened his arms and hoped for the best. His heart began to beat again as the chute opened beautifully and he began to drop gently down, drifting with the slight breeze.

Meanwhile, the Smiler had pulled himself out of a gorse bush to see a few moments later the machine he had just jumped from circling back towards the fields where he now stood.

He saw the Sergeant jump in a cloud of silk and, miraculously emerge dangling under a taut mushroom. He jumped on the back of an Army motorcycle and sped along a road towards the meadow into which the Sergeant seemed to be dropping.

The Smiler—with his sense of humour—was on the spot for the final scene of the drama. It happened last month and it still makes him laugh when he thinks about it.

The Sergeant Instructor landed plumb in the middle of the meadow, and was just about to congratulate himself on his luck, thankful that it was all over, when a frenzied shout from a figure waving from a gate attracted his attention.

He had just recognised the Smiler when he caught the thud of hooves and saw six young bulls charging full at him. He leapt to one side, saving his skin by a hand's span, and gathered desperately at his billowing chute.

The bulls turned and charged again.

This time the Sergeant saw it was his fluttering parachute that enraged them, and clearly the brutes meant business. He played the leading bull with the parachute like a bullfighter with his cape, and in this way managed to dodge all but the last but one, who—the Smiler took pains to explain to anyone interested—came up the wrong side.

After this bull had passed, the Sergeant's trousers were fluttering, too. "Run for it, Flight!" the Smiler yelled.

But the Sergeant was already running. He reached a hole in the hedge about eighteen inches in front of a bull, and his pupil pulled him through in the nick of time.

"You left your chute behind, Flight," the Smiler said.

"So what?" demanded Sergeant Dale, a trifle sourly.

For a moment the Smiler thought. "Thought I'd mention it, that's all," he said. "You were saying when it all started, that a parachute——"

"Stop talking," the Sergeant ordered. "And lend me a safety pin."

B. L. JACOT.

STRONGER THAN STEEL

ORCHARDS out of glass! So you'd think in an aeroplane. Nets of glass fibre, stretched on wire netting and painted, are being used as camouflage for war factories.

Curved glass, mass-produced for the first time, will appear in our homes after the war—in stoves, refrigerators, storage cabinets.

For the present it is being used in the snub noses and tails of bombers, to stop heavy machine-gun bullets.

Air raid shelters are now being built with concrete reinforced by glass instead of steel.

Recently an hotel was opened in Los Angeles, U.S.A., for the use of shipyard workers. Their eyes popped a little when they saw the water pipes in the hotel were of glass.

It shouldn't be a surprise much longer. Rusty, smelly pipes will be just a memory.

In the U.S., too, glass bars are already in use in prisons and asylums. They are stronger and longer wearing than those of iron!

Hotels and restaurants are being filled with table cloths and draperies that cannot be harmed by cigarette burns, or by lunch-time scribblers and unclean eaters.

Theatre seating and curtaining are such now that in many up-to-date places the dropping of a lighted match or cigarette does no harm.

After the war, when peace-time production gets under way, all homes may be filled by such materials. There's a big future for glass!

R. F.

"Walters" "Palm" SLAB Toffee
6°/4lb
CONTROLLED PRICE

UNTIL THE CURTAIN GOES UP

ONLY the best ingredients have gone into the making of Harlequin Sponge Puddings. As this standard is temporarily unobtainable, Harlequin waits for happier days before making a reappearance.

HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

JONES & SONS

There's only so much—and so many want it!

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP 2° PER TABLET (1 COUPON)

Does its job against germs in the home

EN 91 - 961 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.10

LAST LAUGH

T. E. (Sheffield).—"I waited outside the greengrocer's two hours for garden peas and got none." In future, mind your peas and queues.

D. W. (Clacton).—"A regimental sergeant-major weighs 20 stone." It is denied, however, that on hot days recruits follow him round the barrack square for the sake of the shade.

F. K. (Ramsgate). — "London children evacuated to the country get browner and browner as the summer goes on." Towards the autumn they will assume an even deeper tinge when the blackberries are ripe.

T. L. (Taunton).—"After I had swept my own chimney I had a hot bath." Or you could have joined the Kentucky Minstrels.

G. N. (Coodington).—"While waiting for my new ration-book a cat stole a fish from my shopping basket." So you lost your place in the queue?

PRODUCER (London, W.).—"The most successful play is the one that fills the audience with tears." That fills the tiers with audience.

D. F. (Ventnor).—"My daughter has a voice that will enable her to go far." Is that your honest conviction or a fervent hope?

Mrs. B. (Glasgow).—"When I came home from my holiday, I was alarmed to find my husband strangely silent." (See letter below.)

W. B. (Glasgow).—"While washing-up during my wife's holiday, I broke six cups and three saucers belonging to her wedding china." (See letter above.)

PRIVATE (Somewhere in Scotland).—"You soon get 'browned-off' when your duties consist of looking after great stores of ammunition every day." You are down in the dumps, eh?

COBBLER (Glasgow).—"Wooden-soled slippers will soon be all the rage." Erring youngsters would be well advised to mend their ways before their parents purchase a pair.

G. H. (London).—"My wife takes no interest whatever in passing events, her only reading matter is romantic fiction. But she's no worse for that." You can always tell her when late home that there's been a 'bus strike?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"It's a test, as it were. The idea is to drop you at night by parachute in some place where you're not known, and see what the local Home Guard will do."

Side-Slips

SHIELDS GAZETTE:—"... for the WIFE of 270 cigarettes ..."

THE NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—"... and after the bulletin the OVERTURN to Wagner's 'Lohengrin' was played."

THE ROSS-SHIRE JOURNAL:—"A crofter in the Island of Coll has been fined £5 for failing to notify the authorities that a RAT had been washed ashore ..."

THE LEICESTER EVENING POST:—"GREEN children orphaned by the war are wandering about the streets of Athens ..."

Gibbs IN HANDY battledress REFILLS

7D

AND 11½d (Including Purchase Tax) Prices Slightly

Give your teeth a shine with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

S. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4 GD239A

On Active Service

Mr. Churchill says:

Electrification of our industry has increased by 50% during the war.

Use it sparingly. After the war it will again be yours to command.

GREATEST OF THESE

● Suffering from a malignant disease, after five operations, the father of these lovely children has been sent home incurable.

Rex Preddy joined the Army in 1932, and was passed A1. At the outbreak of war he was recalled to the Colours. In 1939 he met with an accident, and while undergoing treatment for this in hospital his disease was discovered. Unfortunately his trouble cannot be considered as attributable to military service; neither can it be said that military service aggravated the condition; therefore, under present legislation governing pensions, this afflicted man cannot appeal against the Ministry of Pensions' decision.

Mrs. Preddy struggles valiantly with the task of maintaining their four children under seven years of age, and tending her invalid husband on 53s. a week, from which 13s. 10d. rent has to be paid. This leaves nothing over with which to buy any little delicacy obtainable which her sick husband might fancy. A clergyman in the locality tells us that this is the most tragic case he has ever met.

It is in the power of our readers to help this very deserving family by sending donations earmarked "Incurable," or for our general fund, to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50 — 'BULLETS' 1,384

Leading Aircraftsman G. Manley, Somewhere-in-Britain, for this "Bullet":

FOR A BETTER RACE
GIVE YOUNGSTERS "FAIR START"!

£10: F. Carter, 349, Fore St., Edmonton, N.9.
Victory is Coming, But—Remember—Nazis Are *Cunning*!

£5: E. M. Knott, 37, Livingstone St., Leeman Rd., York.
Flower Of Freedom—I Swopped For "Daisy."

£4: G. M. Adams, 12, Southfield Rd., Oxford.
Hand Gun—Destroyed "Lighthouse"—"Rock" Looming.

£3: R. G. Bruce, 43, Shaftesbury Rd., Westonsuper-Mare.
To Help Her—Into Dalton's Dress, Woolton?

£2: F. Warrender, 46, Parmile Rd., Leyton, E.17.
Flower Of Freedom—Or "Cauliflower Ear," Italians?

DOUBLED FIRST For "BULLETS" ON NEXT PAGE

6 PRIZES OF 30s.:
H. A. Copeland, 1, Fraser Ter., Wanlockhead, By Abington, Lanarks.
When Sandy Sailed—Finished Three Rolls Up!
J. A. Howard, 73, Drove Lane, Blesford.
Flower Of Freedom—Shelter Our Shabby Suits.
R. Meakins, 4, Kingsholm Rd., Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
Our Peggy—Found—Sonny's Face. "Reward."
Mrs. F. R. Bays, 44, Priory Rd., Hornsey, N.8.
Like The Ivy—Assails—Like Aspen, Barrier!
R. W. Rouse, 12, Wellington St., Swindon, Wilts.
Fruits Of Bombing—"Gumbo" Of Germany's Output.
J. Wilder, 78B, Love Lane, Sheldon, Birmingham.
Storm Of Opposition—Restored The Pensions "Lifeboat."

A list of 90 winners of 10s., and 200 of 3s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES

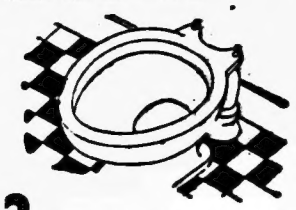
WON IN XWORD 336

WINNING WORDS: 1. Flashy. 2. Crust. 3. Wall, Well or Will. 4. Gold. 5. Wile. 6. Blue. 7. Fun. 8. Trot. 9. Carve. 10. Coal. 11. Bone. 12. Hen. 13. Fame. 14. Walk.

£100 SHARERS: F. Haddigan; 8, South View, Winchester, Hants; W. H. Knight, 9, Fircroft Ave., Mitcham, Surrey.
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 24 entrants.

How to clean the lavatory

1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action washes right round into the S-bend.



2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration—effectively cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

Harpic is easy to use and effective. Sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white.

HARPIC

TIM'S RECOVERY

"I feel as if I've lost eight lives. And the other one doesn't matter."

"Oh-h! TIBS!! Mistress did notice after all. Now we'll see."

"I've got my 9 lives back. Listen! —purr, purr, purr, purr, purr, purr, purr, purr."

'TIBS' are tasteless in the cats' food or drink. From all chemists and corn merchants. 7d. for 3, or 1/6 for 27.

100 PURRS IN EVERY PACKET

A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport.

Venereal VD Diseases

This is an extract from one of the many letters received and permission has been given by the writer to use this extract.

"Will it return?"

"It was the biggest shock of my life to learn I had syphilis. I was entirely ignorant . . . The midwife sent me to a doctor who sent me at once to a hospital; three weeks later my baby was . . .

. . . This is my second year of treatment; the last three blood tests have been negative. Would you tell me, do you get cured for good or if I fall pregnant again, will it return?"

The Doctor replies:

"You will be very happy to know that you do get cured 'for good,' but I must repeat to you, as I do to all my correspondents, that you must continue the treatment until the doctor says you are cured and it is safe to have another baby. Be sure to ask him about this. Then, provided your husband has also been cured, you should be quite free of the disease. But if you become pregnant again go at once to your doctor or to the ante-natal clinic and explain that you have had syphilis and been treated for it. If you do what they tell you your baby will have every chance of being born healthy."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Dept. M-8-NM, Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1. All replies are sent in plain envelopes.

Issued by the Ministry of Health, and the Central Council for Health Education. (M-8-27)

Backache may be a sign of Sluggish Kidney Action

SAFEGUARD your Kidneys, especially after a cold or chill. Their task of purifying the blood is always heavy and any extra strain may cause the body's filters to become sluggish or congested. When this occurs, harmful impurities are able to remain in the system and cause Backache, Inflamed Muscles and Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Urinary and Bladder Trouble, Gravel or Disturbed Nights.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. This modern medicine will stimulate sluggish kidneys to flush out excess uric acid and other poisons.

The early use of Doan's Pills may save you weeks of needless discomfort.

Ask your Chemist for **Doan's** 1/5 (inc. tax) 3/5

Fynnon Salt brings lady relief from 6 months' RHEUMATISM

This Yorkshire lady, Mrs. A., writes: *"I suffered from rheumatism and sickness for about 6 months. Then one day a friend got me to take Fynnon Salt as I had lost the use of my hands. But I am glad to say that after taking Fynnon Salt for three months I have got all right and* I AM WORKING AGAIN, *thanks to* FYNNON!"

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the blood-stream, flushes liver and kidneys, eliminates from the body the toxins which contribute to rheumatism and kindred troubles. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax.* Get yourself a tin today!

Take **Fynnon Salt** *if you suffer from* **Rheumatism,**

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex 517

Dangers of Hurried Meals

MINISTRY OF HEALTH reports show that our war-time dietary is not only amply sustaining but actually beneficial. People nowadays, particularly war-workers, eat most of their meals far too hurriedly with the inevitable result that indigestion follows. Moorland Indigestion Tablets are the best method of *warding off* indigestion. If you feel stomach pains coming on simply take two Moorlands—that's all. They bring instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, heartburn, palpitation, acidity, gastric catarrh, etc. Sold at all chemists, 1/5d. Also in 8½d. packets. (Including Tax.)

The HOMEGUARD AGAINST

CUTS, BURNS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BOILS, IMPETIGO, ECZEMA, ABSCESSES, even BAD LEGS.

LION OINTMENT famous for 94 years for quick, safe healing. Brings inflammation OUT, prevents it spreading: forms healthy skin in a few days. Treat minor wounds immediately before they become septic.

From Chemists, 1/3 & 3/- per box. *(Inc. Purchase Tax).*

BURGESS' **LION OINTMENT**

£150 for John Bull's ENTERTAINING XWORD!

PRIZES VALUE

First Prize for this week's Xword £100 Cash . . . Awards value £25 between Runners-up

£25 CASH BONUS to be divided equally between owners of ANY PRIZE (First or Runners-up) in this week's Contest who also win ANY PRIZE (or more)

REMEMBER that EXTRA £25 — ENTER NEXT WEEK, TOO!

Xword No. 336 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES — Answer every clue by entering letter in 'entry' column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1 FIRM USING PRESS AS MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISING MUST EXPECT TO PAY THIS	P P E R			
2 SUDDEN ONE MAY RESULT IN EXPLOSION	C H A G E			
3 GOOD PROGRESS IS MADE BY FACTORY WHEN WORK IS DONE BY	S I F T			
4 IS OFTEN CALCULATED TO EXCITE PITY	W A I			
5 MAY PROVE SLIPPERY ONE	S A P			
6 A MAN'S THIS MAY WELL INDICATE SOME THING OF HIS CHARACTER	A L K			
7 MAY WELL BEAR A PLANT	M I N			
8 THE FRENCH NATION IS NOTED FOR ITS KEEN CULTIVATION OF THESE	A R S			
9 IT'S SOMETIMES NECESSARY IF YOU WANT TO GET MILK	O A T			
10 KIDDIES MAY HAVE TO BE TAUGHT TO RESPECT	L A W			
11 DISASTERS DUE TO MINES ARE INCREASED BY	G A			
12 EMPORIUM FINDS ONE A GREAT ASSET	A F E			
13 YOU MAY JUDGE A MAN'S IMPORTANCE BY THE WAY HE	A K S			
14 ARMY COOKS FIRST HAVE TO LEARN COOKING IN THIS	O E N			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Aug. 25

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
340

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, AUG. 16

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to clues received, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of extra £25, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Sept. 4, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

DOUBLED 1st PRIZE THIS WEEK!

WIN BULLETS **£100 CASH** for 23 or 4 WORDS

1,281 OTHER AWARDS £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 6 of 30/- 20 of 10/- 250 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Aug. 27.

OUR ALLIES MUST BE REMEMBERED
WAR ON POVERTY
BULL-FROG MUSSO
GETTING A BIT MORE
MAN-POWER PROBLEM
BLACK DIAMONDS
MAN AT THE DOOR
BOOM IN BABIES
MAKES GRANDPA TIRED
GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP
JUST TOO BAD
TOMMY GRINNED AND
A KINDNESS
FRUITLESS
ON THEY WENT AND
NEARLY KILLED HIM
ANXIOUS MOMENT
BLOODCURDLING YELL
HELPED WITH THE HARVEST

BULLETS 1,384 RESULT appears on page 14

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

TO KEEP.....SWEET
THE ..... ARMY
BEWARE OF.....AND
HER WAY OF.....
HAS TO BE.....
DELIVERED FROM THE .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Aug. 28.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,385 Monday, Aug. 16.
Signed .....
Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,385—or Xword No. 340, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM.

Oxydol, the amazing granulated soap, plays a big part in 'make do and mend', for Oxydol's 'Busy Bubble' lather always washes clothes gently and safely so that they last longer. Oxydol's 'Busy Bubble' lather washes everything spanking clean without hard rubbing—saves your clothes coupons every washday.

3½d. size—1 coupon, 7d. size—2 coupons. *A Class 1 Product. At your shop.*

REMEMBER This is the second week of Ration Period No. 1 (August 1st-7th)

DON'T FORGET to read Mrs. Mundy's Helping Hand. It's on the back of your packet of Oxydol.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Can you keep a secret?

There's plenty of them in Britain now and the Axis would dearly love to share them with you. Careless talk of *any kind* may give the enemy a clue and put him on his guard. Silence is more than golden — it's *safe!*

What don't I do...?

I *don't* discuss troop or ship movements with *anyone.*
I *never* talk about my war work or the position of factories or stores.
I *don't* write letters about bomb damage near me, or troops billeted on me, or friends getting embarkation leave.
If I've got a secret, I *don't* share it!

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

IF YOU WALK ON THESE..

this will interest you...

You who have always worn Goodyear Rubber Heels for the sake of comfort and—so important—economy, may wonder what Goodyear heels will be like now that they're being made of regenerated rubber. Or didn't you know about that?
Yes, the rubber supply position is so acute that to-day *no* heels may be made except of regenerated rubber. But *you* score by this, for it means you can still have the relatively great economy of Goodyear heels.

Remember—Goodyear, the largest producers of rubber products in the world, are at a special advantage in making heels of regenerated rubber, in that they can bring to bear on the problem quite unequalled experience, manufacturing skill and resources in war-time. And it is still true to say that Goodyear heels give you the utmost satisfaction it is possible to obtain. So ask your repairers to fit Goodyear!

GOODYEAR

600 Tons of Rubber Go Up In Smoke

THIS disastrous fire, which destroyed over 600 tons of rubber, has been attributed to a lighted cigarette end thrown on to the sacking in which the rubber was packed. Under present conditions, this vital war material is absolutely irreplaceable. Not an isolated case, this—over 1,000 fires, caused chiefly by cigarettes or matches, break out every day. They are a needless and terrible drag on the war effort. But most of them would never happen if everybody made it a rule never to throw away a match or a cigarette end until they were certain it was right out.

You can't be too careful!

Can You Face Each Day With A Smile

YOU will greet each new day with a smile, feeling fit, fresh and well after a good night's rest, if you make it a habit to take Bile Beans each night.
These fine vegetable pills build up good health and good digestion. They cleanse and regulate the system, improve your vitality—your looks—your outlook on life.
So, to be bright in a morning and fresh, happy and energetic—just Remember Nightly

BILE BEANS

BEARDS OBLITERATED BY

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

Its rich, olive-oil lather gives the double luxury of a smooth shave and a soothed and comforted skin. Softening the beard in one minute, its stream of bubbles—which last at least ten minutes—keep bristles erect for the razor. PRICES: 1/6 & 2/6 Inclusive of Tax

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